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THE FEARLESS FOUR — YUSUF THE LEADER, GURUSHAWAY THE BRAIN, ADVENTURE-SEEKING NANCY AND PARAM THE BRAVE. ALWAYS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR EXCITEMENT AND IN LOVE WITH THE BEAUTY OF INDIA.

THREE DAYS IN THE SANCTUARY AND NO SIGN OF THE SIBERIAN CRANES.

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OK, OK, GURU, BUT WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK.

SCHOOL STARTS NEXT THURSDAY.



WHAT A LET DOWN YAAR! ~~GOING~~ BACK WITHOUT OUR FIRST LOOK AT THE CRANES.

D'YOU KNOW WHY?

SUDDENLY



POOR BIRDS CAN'T STAND THE FRIGHTFUL NOISE... THE ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR...



LOOK! THE CRANES
ARE COMING.

BUT THEY'RE NOT
LANDING. THEY
ARE FLYING
BACK.

Ramba
Ho! Ho! Ho!

PARAMI COME WITH ME.
LET'S STOP THESE —

BHAI SAHIB, PLEASE STOP
YOU ARE SCARING AWAY
THE BIRDS.

BHAI SAHIB? MY FOOT!
IF YOU DON'T STOP THIS INSTANT
YOU'LL GO TO JAIL.
I PROMISE YOU.

SHE IS RIGHT.
THE LAW SAYS —

THE LAW'S
FINE. BUT
NOTHING CAN
HAPPEN UNLESS
WE ALL DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT IT.

YOU'VE JUST
PROVED THAT.

THE BIRDS ARE
COMING BACK.
SERENE... GRACEFUL...
THEY'RE LANDING.

THANKS TO
YOU
BRAVE KIDS.

we can & we will
*Keep
India
Beautiful*

YOU TOO SHOULD PREVENT
THOUGHTLESS PEOPLE FROM
DEGRADING OUR ENVIRONMENT.
IF WE ACT TOGETHER, WE CAN
HELP PRESERVE INDIA'S BEAUTY
FOR EVER.



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Because even his snack is packed with a body builder.

He needs greater proportions of protein in his daily diet than an adult.

And this intake is starkly reflected in his health and vigour. Unfortunately, kids may not share adult tastes in food. They seem to go crazy over snacks instead.

Still more often than not, snacks may just be something to chew. What he really deserves is a delicious snack that also builds him up.

| FOOD ITEM | PROTEIN (Gms.) |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Milk | 3.3 |
| Icecream | 4.0 |
| Apples | 0.3 |
| Choc. Biscuits | 6.2 |
| Potato chips | 4.0 |
| Fruit Cake | 5.0 |
| Cornflakes | 6.5 |
| PEPPY | 8.0 |

Figures are based on 100 gm portions.
Source: National Dietetic Society.
Medical Director.

Like Peppy ready-to-eat Crispies.

The snack that's generously enriched with real protein.

A whopping 8gms per 100gms precise! Compare its crispy goodness and see for yourself! Besides, once a kid bites into it he'll always long for more!

Go on. Let him bite into its protein packed goodness.



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Nov 11/89



CHANDAMAMA

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and More!**

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While the little prince is growing up in the forest, what is Vir Singh, the usurper, doing? The story of the **BANDIT PRINCE** gathers momentum.

The young Rahul, the Buddha's son, goes to claim his inheritance from his father—in the **STORY OF BUDDHA**.

Birbal makes us laugh again!

And a number of joyous stories with
all the regular features!

Thoughts to be Treasured

'Man's dearest possession is life, and since it is given to him to live but once, he must so live as not to be seared with the shame of a cowardly and trivial past, so live as not to be tortured for years without purpose, so live that dying he can say: "All my life and my strength were given to the first cause of the world—the liberation of mankind."

—Jawaharlal Nehru



Controlling Editor
NAGI REDDI



Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

THE COMMUNAL CONFLICTS

In Madhya Pradesh, Tamil Nadu and some other regions of India there have occurred several communal clashes recently. There are more educated people today than there were ever before. What is the value of education if we cannot live peacefully together? The question of education apart, we all know that the earth is meant for people of all faiths; Nature does not differentiate between people of one community and another. The sun, the moon, the stars, the clouds, the air bestow their bounty on all the human beings, irrespective of their religious faith, caste and colour.

As the budding citizens of India and an enlightened world of the future, let all our readers take a vow never to fall prey to such unworthy passions as communalism.



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अंगणवेदी वसुधा कुल्या जलधिः स्थली च पातालम् ।
वल्मीकश्च सुमेरुः कृतप्रतिज्ञस्य धीरस्य ॥१॥

*Anganavedi vasudha kulya jaladhiḥ sthali ca patalam
Valmikasca sumeruh kṛtapratijñasya dhīrasya*

To a resolute man determined to achieve his goal, the earth is no greater than a stage in his courtyard, the ocean no vaster than a pool, the nether-world no different from the land, Mount Sumeru no bigger than the ant-hill.

— The Harshacharitam



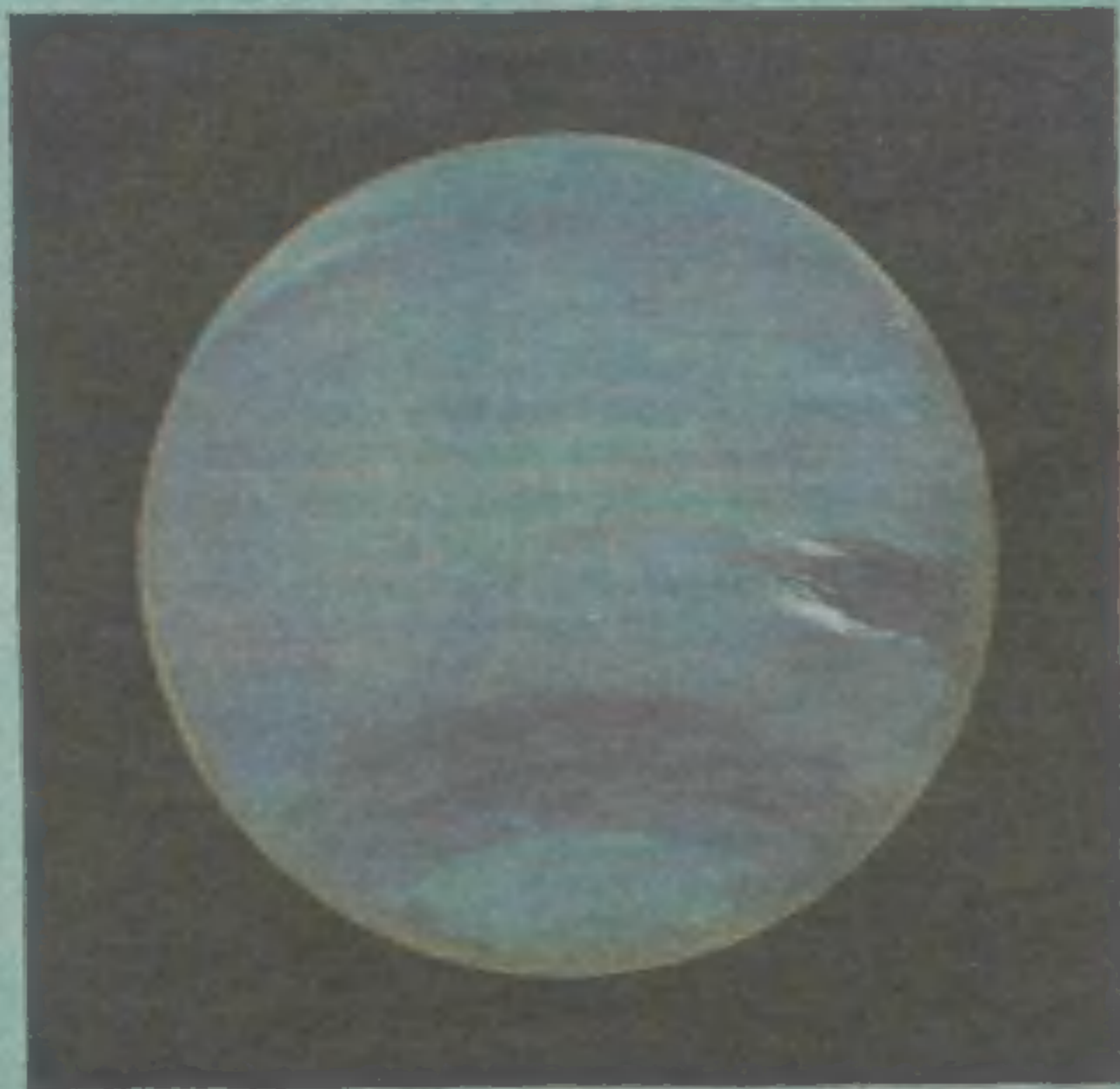


Figure 10

CALL OF THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE PLANET

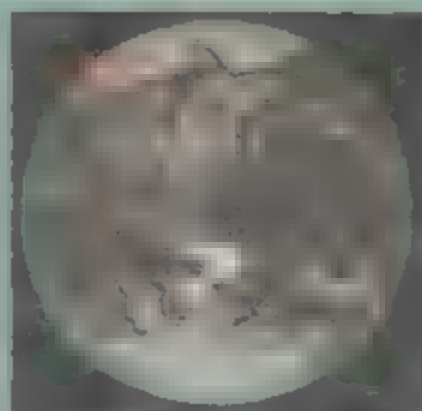
As you know, the Sun is the centre of our solar system. The other members of the system are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. There are of course countless other heavenly bodies, including those who are the "moons" of different planets.



We, the people of the Earth, have always been eager to know as much as possible about the planets belonging to the solar system. So many spacecrafts have been sent to the space to know the unknown.

On the 20th of August, 1977, we launched Voyager 2. After a

spectacular journey of twelve years, covering 4.43 billion miles, the spacecraft reached the outskirts of Neptune, the beautiful blue planet, 2,800 million miles away from the Sun. Voyager 2 found that Neptune has five rings. Three of them are very thin and subtle. Neptune has eight



Earth



Saturn



Mercury



Sun

moons going around it. Among them the most colourful is known as Triton, which is a bit smaller than our Earth.

Spacecraft has revealed many new things about Neptune to us. Its climate is stormy, gusts of wind sweeping its surface at a speed of 400 miles an hour. From the numerous photographs received, the scientists are waiting to learn many new things about the planet and the solar system as a whole.



THE FAMOUS RANGADAS

Have you heard the name of Rangadas the physician? Of course, you won't hear it unless you visit Vishalpur. Rangadas left Vishalpur years ago, but the people of Vishalpur still remember him.

Yes, Rangadas was a physician. At first he examined patients with attention and treated them well. But soon he grew so proud of his capacity that he started prescribing medicines even without looking at the patient.

One day he told his wife, "I am a genius. The pity is, I am living in a village. Had I set up my practice in the town, I would have become a celebrity!"

"Why not we migrate to the town?" suggested his wife. That inflamed ambition in Rangadas's heart. He announced that he was

leaving the village for the town. The villagers looked at one another and said, "We are sorry that we will be deprived of your service, but your presence in the town may make our village notorious—we mean famous!"

Rangadas shifted to the town. But it did not take him long to realise that there was no hope of his prospering in the town as a physician. "I think you should do some business," said his wife. There was no other way left for Rangadas. He started trading in several items and prospered well.

Years passed. One day he heard of a special kind of rice, remarkable for its flavour, grown by the farmers of a distant village. He wished to contact the farmers so that he could sell the rice in the town. Carrying enough money with him, he started for

the village.

On the way he came face to face with a gang of robbers. They relieved him not only of his money, but also of the fine clothes he was wearing. However, they gave him some soiled, tattered clothes to put on.

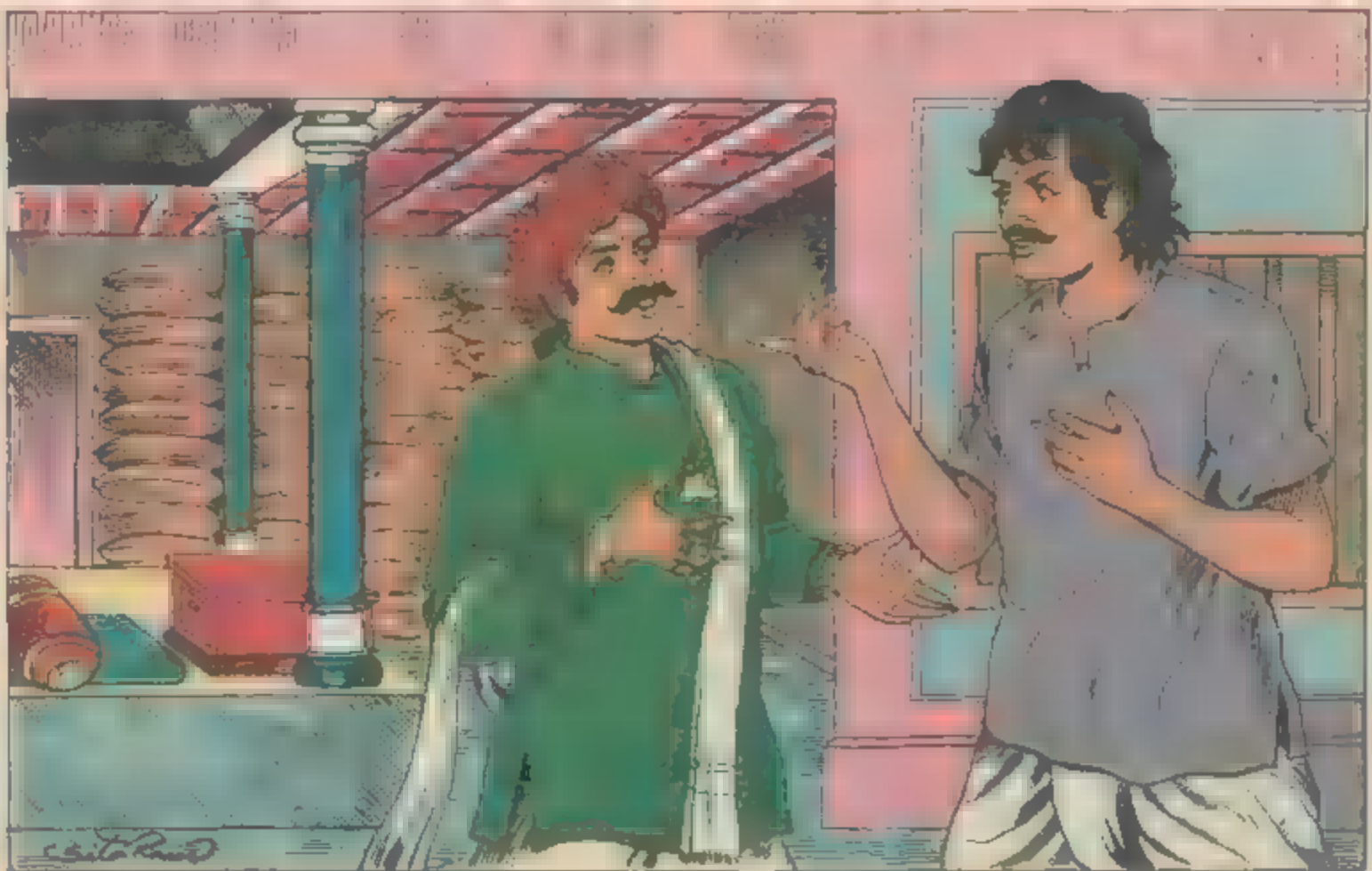
He reached his destination all right, but since he looked like a beggar, nobody believed him when he introduced himself as a merchant from the town.

However, one rich farmer named Janardan took pity on him when he narrated his plight to him. Janardan could understand that he was an educated

man and what he needed immediately was food and a set of decent clothes. Janardan took him home.

Rangadas learnt that Janardan had several friends in the town among the traders. He told Janardan, "On your next visit to the town you ask any of them about Rangadas—and they will direct you to my house!"

"Rangadas? I wonder where I have heard the name..." mused Janardan. Then he smiled and said, "Yes, yes, it is at my father-in-law's village. Rangadas is a household name there. I heard so many amusing tales about him!"



He was ■ physician."

"What is the ■■■■ of your father-in-law's village?" asked Rangadas.

"Vishalpur!"

"Then you have heard of me. I left the village before you were married," said Rangadas enthusiastically.

"Is that so? Am I meeting the famous Rangadas?" asked Janardan with great curiosity.

"You are meeting the famous physician. Yes, indeed!" agreed Rangadas proudly.

Back home, Rangadas narrated his experiences to his wife and said, "It is true that I lost some money, but I also learnt how the people of Vishalpur love

me! They still talk of me."

His wife kept quiet.

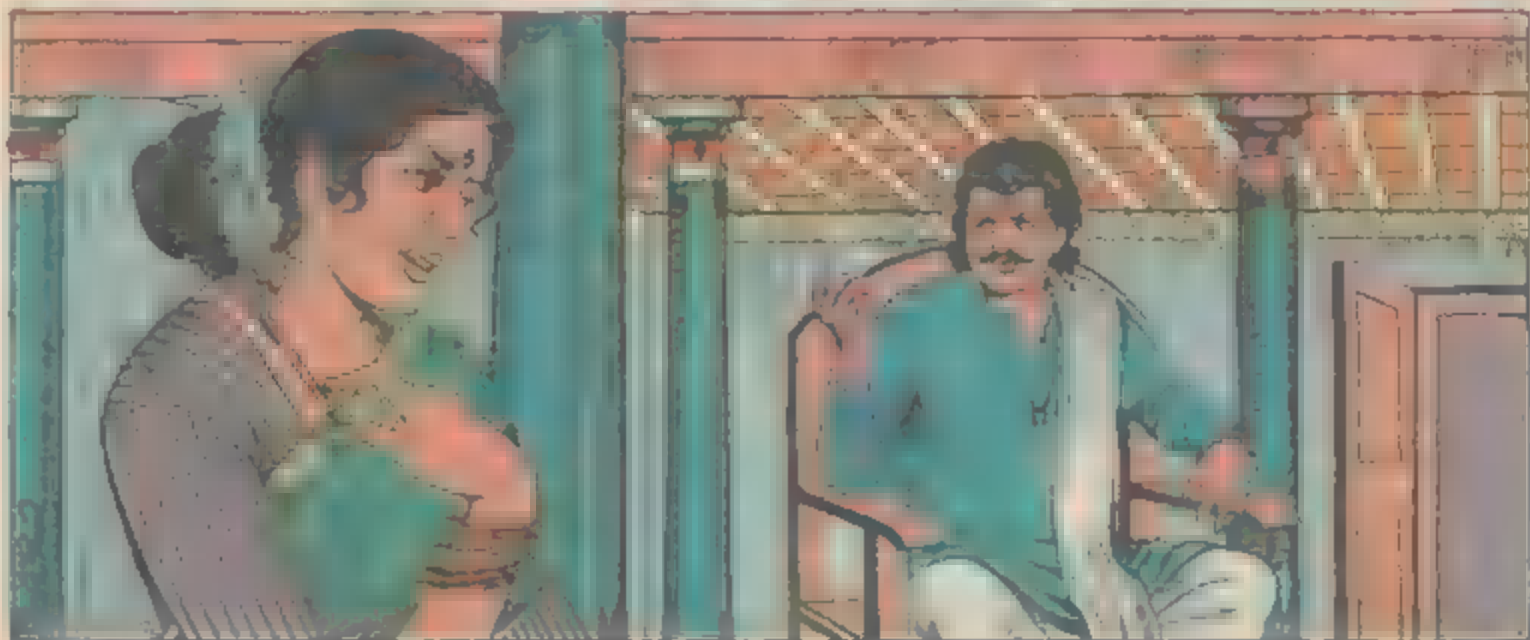
"Let us return to Vishalpur," proposed Rangadas.

"Why? You are more successful in your business here than you were in your medical practice there!" reminded his wife.

"True! But the villagers love me. They miss me!" remarked Rangadas.

"I must tell you the truth. They remember you ■ ■ quack, ■ dangerous physician. If ■ mother would threaten her child, she would say that she proposed to lead it to you. Villagers cursed their enemies saying that let them have the misfortune of being treated by you! That is why I encouraged you to come over here and also encouraged you to give up your medical practice," explained Rangadas's wife.

Rangadas fell silent.





THE POET'S MISSION

Soubir was a small kingdom close to a greater kingdom, Vijaypur. The people of Soubir lived happily. Such was the situation of that kingdom that they could carry on trade and commerce easily with four other kingdoms. Also, the traders of the other kingdoms were required to pass through Soubir with their merchandise. They paid taxes to Soubir on this account.

Things were moving smoothly. But one day an emissary of the king of Vijaypur met the king of Soubir and said, "Your Highness, our king demands that you pay an annual tax to him, thereby becoming subordinate to him. If you don't do so, the army of Vijaypur will invade your kingdom. You can well imagine the consequence."

This was like a bolt from the blue. The king sat speechless for a while. Then he said, "Very well, Mr. Emissary, I suggest that you take rest in our guest house. You may go back to your king tomorrow and inform him that we will send our decision within a week."

"Thank you, Your Highness," said the emissary. He enjoyed the king's hospitality for the day and left the next day.

The king of Soubir asked his minister, "What is this? Why did the king of Vijaypur grow hostile to us all on a sudden? We were under the impression that he is a good man!"

"My lord, I am no less surprised. I still think that he is a good man. He must have been influenced by some evil mind. We have to find out who this evil

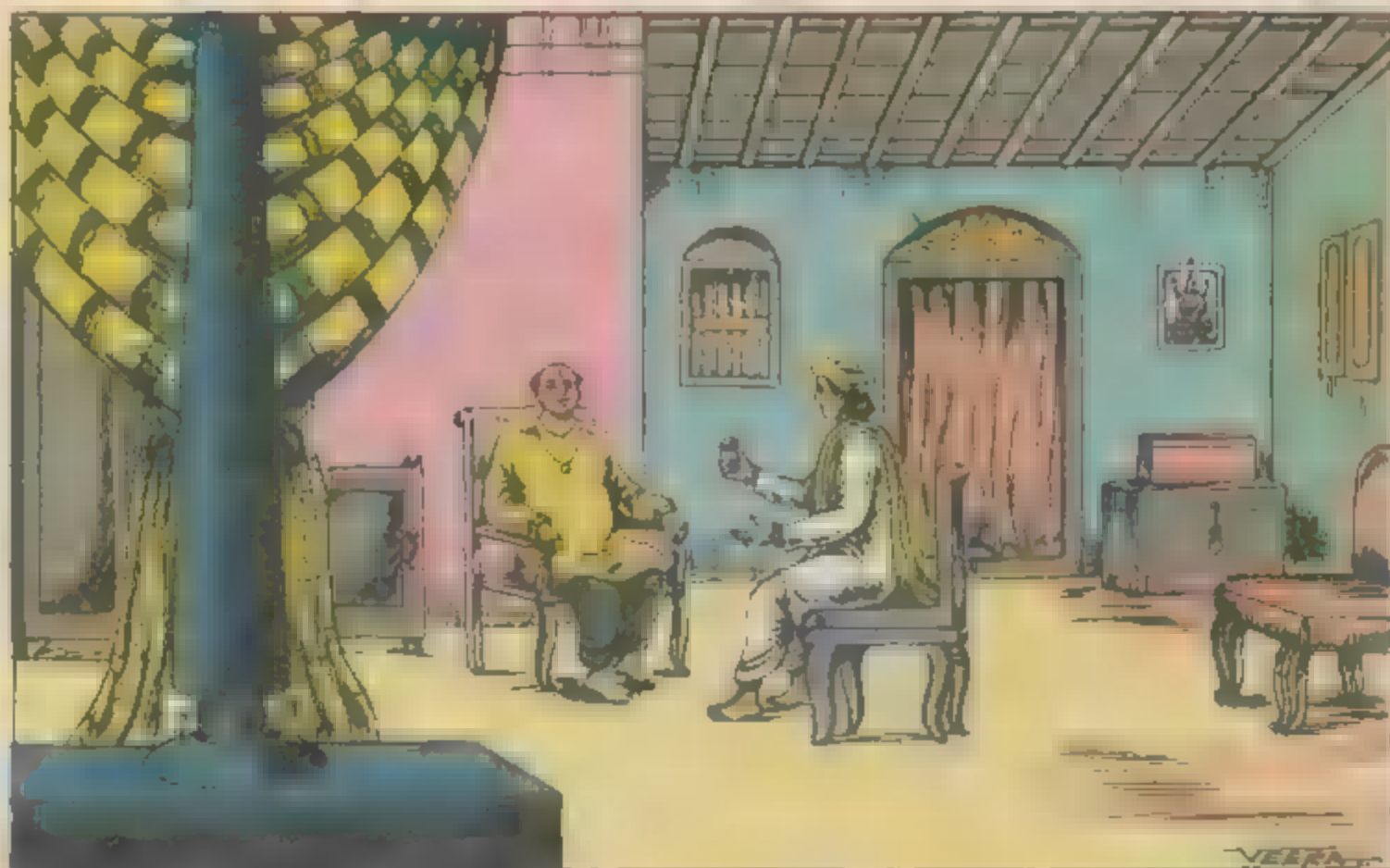
mind is," replied the minister.

The minister despatched seven clever spies to Vijaypur. They came back on the fourth day and reported to the king and the minister that the king of Vijaypur had three intimate friends who advised him on all matters. One was Sudam Seth, the merchant; the second one was the king's general; the third one was his minister. The merchant was a greedy fellow; the general was ambitious and the minister was a fool.

The king of Soubir and his minister decided to send their court-poet, Srujan Sharma. The poet was not only witty and

intelligent, but also an excellent talker.

First Srujan Sharma met the merchant, Sudam Seth. He presented the merchant with a costly diamond and said, "Sir, let me be frank with you. We are not prepared for war. It may not cost our king anything to announce that he had become subordinate to the king of Vijaypur. But who will gain thereby? You know very well how much our people love our king. They will all get angry with Vijaypur because your king wants to humiliate our king. The goodwill that is there between the traders of the two countries will



come to an end. Better you persuade your king to give up his plan. We will be pleased to give you another gift afterwards."

"Don't you think that it will be advisable to avoid conflict? Why not ask the king of Soubir to become subordinate to Vijaypur?" asked the merchant thoughtfully.

"If at all we have to become subordinate to some kingdom, we will rather be subordinate to Mahipur, a bigger kingdom," answered Srujan Sharma gravely.

This time the merchant looked pensive. Once the idea had come to the king of Soubir, he would

definitely take refuge with the king of Mahipur. The result will be a conflict between Mahipur and Vijaypur. There will be no peace in the whole region. Those to suffer immediately will be the merchants. He promised Srujan Sharma to speak to the king and remarked, "Confidentially speaking, our minister is a fool. The king had decided to take this step under his advice."

Srujan Sharma met the general and said, "Sir, let me tell you that if at all Soubir has to become subordinate to any kingdom, it should be to Mahipur. We will inform all the kings about the threat your king has given. Then



we will take refuge with Mahipur. Thereafter you have to fight the army of Mahipur, or you have to keep quiet. If you keep quiet, the world will know that you are snubbed. I suggest that you advise your king to withdraw the ultimatum he has given."

The general looked thoughtful. Alas, he had no courage to be up with arms against Mahipur.

Next, Srujan Sharma met the minister. "O great man, who does not know that you are the noblest and the wisest of all the ministers in the world? Our king is sure that your king sent the ultimatum to him without consulting you. We hope, you will advise him to have a second thought!"

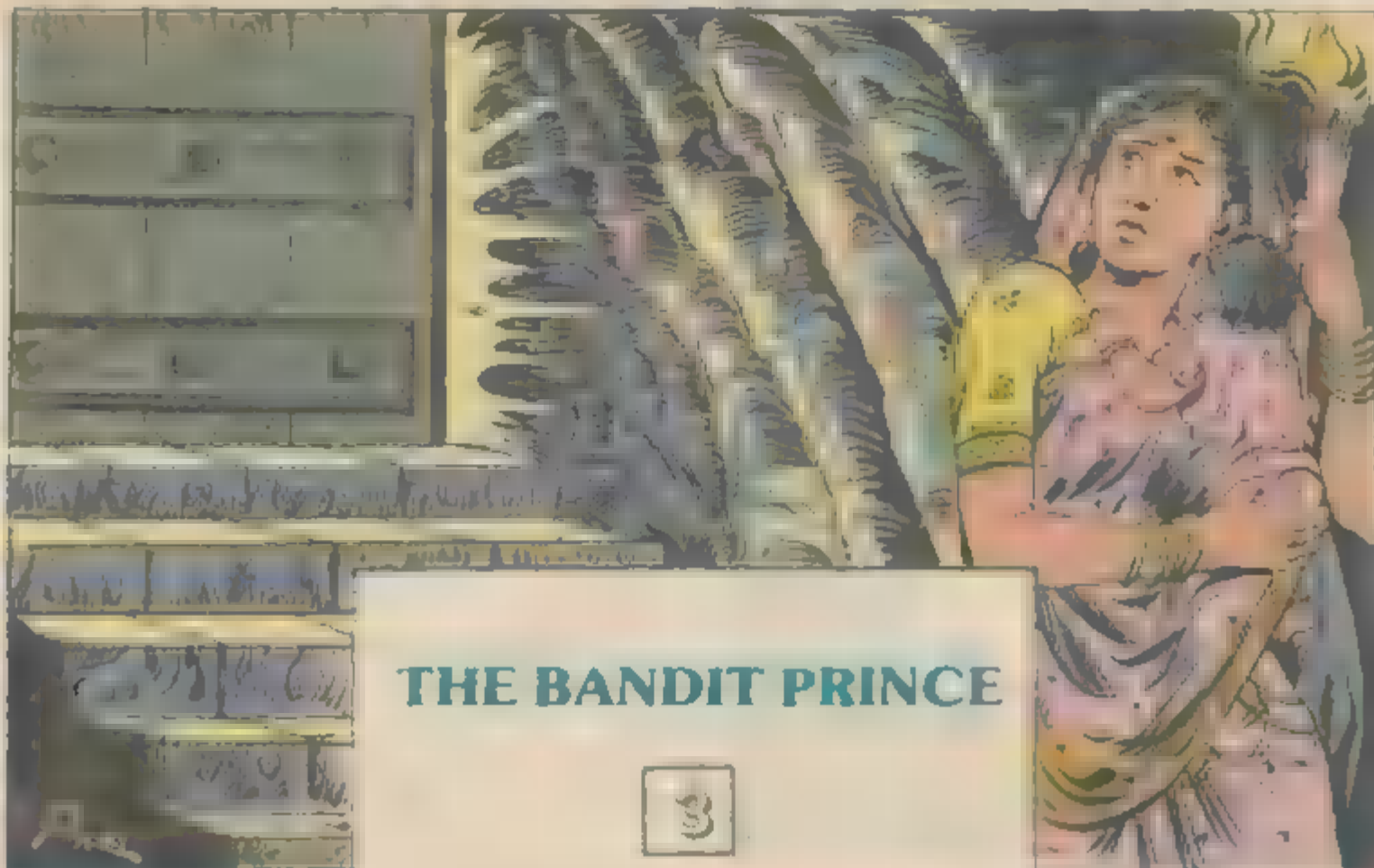
Nobody had ever described the

minister as wise or noble. He was highly flattered. He said, "Don't you worry. I will put good sense into our king. And tell your king that only a true expert can differentiate between the true diamond and the counterfeit ones. Your king is an expert. That is why he recognises my qualities!"

The minister put up Srujan Sharma in the royal guest house. By the time the poet met the king of Vijaypur, all the three had advised him to withdraw his ultimatum to the king of Soubir. The king received the poet courteously and heaped gifts on him and said, "Kindly tell your king that we are friends and equals."

The poet returned to his king, delighted.





THE BANDIT PRINCE

3

(King Shanti ruled his kingdom, Sumedh, from beautiful capital city, Shantipur. One festive night, his cousin Vir Singh who was general of his army, tried to kill him and the infant prince. At the king's asking, the queen the attack by entering a secret passage along with her child. The king gave a valiant fight and then jumped the river. Nobody whether he alive or dead.)

As the queen looked up with tearful eyes, she saw her husband closing the opening of the secret passage. She had a feeling that she would never be able to see him again. How happy both of them had been only minutes ago! Who could have imagined that the situation would take such a turn?

Once the opening was shut, the queen felt as if the whole world had been shut to her. She had never walked alone in her life

Born a princess and then by marriage a queen, she was always flanked by maids wherever she went.

She cried, but silently. The child was asleep. She must not wake him up. With the help of the candle-light she descended the steps. Soon she was in a tunnel. Except for a yard or two of the passage in front of her, she was unable to see anything more. The tunnel had been cut through rocks. She knew that the palace

IN THE WILDERNESS



itself was situated on a hill which had been levelled. She was now passing through the underground base of the hill, but where was the end of the tunnel? And what was awaiting her there?

The rocky path was damp and the air was stuffy. She stumbled upon a stone. Though she could retain her balance, the candlestick fell from her hand and was extinguished. Now all was totally dark. She stood still, not knowing what to do.

Soon her eyes got accustomed to the darkness and a faint but strange light attracted her. She resumed her walk slowly. The light was emanating from a special kind of stone set by the

side of the path. Looking ahead, she could see similar stones set at regular intervals.

The infant prince woke up and began to cry. The queen held the child to her bosom and tried to silence him. At the same time she walked faster. She was tired. She had difficulty in breathing, but she was anxious to come out to the open as soon as possible.

At last the tunnel came to an end. But where was the opening to it, the exit? It was like the wall of a cave. But, no, there was another luminous slab of stone fixed on the wall. Since the slab was not a natural part of the rock and was fixed on the wall, the queen tried to remove it.

She succeeded. The slab fell down, showing an opening spacious enough for her to cross to the other side.

She found that she had stepped into a small cave. Beyond that was a larger cave. The second cave opened into wilderness.

It was a moonlit night. She breathed deeply the fresh air of the forest. But what next? The child had fallen asleep once again. That was good, thought the queen. His cry might attract some dangerous beast. But she was awfully thirsty. Where to look for water at this hour of the

night?

Some jackals howled nearby. Perhaps the dawn was approaching. The queen sat down on a rock and waited for the darkness to clear a little. Before long she could hear the soft murmur of a brook. She stood up and walked in the direction of the sound. There was a small waterfall. She laid the child on the grass and went near the fall and quenched her thirst. Then she sat down and suckled the child.

The little prince smiled and looked around with wonder. Morning was breaking out. Hundreds of birds tittered and whistled. The little prince left his mother's lap and began to toddle away. Surely, he found the environment very unusual and very attractive.

"Don't go away, my child!" said the queen. The child only smiled at her, but did not stop. The queen stood up. She desired to take hold of her son. But she fell down, feeling terribly giddy.

"Don't go away, my son!" she muttered, but could not say anything more.

Sadhu Jayananda, a hermit who lived in the forest, was proceeding towards the waterfall. It was his habit to bathe in a



pool near the fall before the sunrise.

He was surprised by a sweet giggle. It came from the little prince who was smiling at him. Had a fairy child descended on the forest? The hermit could not immediately think of any other possibility.

The charming child raised his tiny arms. The hermit lifted him and fondled him. Instantly he saw the locket attached to the gold chain the child wore. The locket bore the symbol of the royal family—an elephant holding a lotus in its trunk.

The child threw his arm and leaned in a certain direction. The hermit got the hint and went that



way. On the grass lay sprawled the queen. She had fainted. The hermit fetched water and sprinkled it ■ her face. She opened her eyes and tried to sit up, but could not.

"Who are you, my daughter?" asked the hermit, kneeling down near the queen.

"You have addressed me as your daughter. Let that be my identity ■ far ■ you are concerned. If I was ever in need of ■ father, it is now. God has sent you to me. I am the unfortunate queen of this land. At night our palace was raided by our enemy. My husband obliged me to escape," the queen spoke with difficulty.

"But was it not the prince's birthday?" asked the hermit.

"It was, O holy man. The enemy took advantage of the festivity," said the queen, gasping for breath.

"Don't speak more, my daughter, relax," said the hermit.

A sad smile played on the queen's lips. "I am afraid, there will never be ■ time for me to speak more. At this moment I feel sure that God has taken charge of my son through you. I am dying but I have no regrets, no fear. However, I could die happily only if ■ knew that the king was safe."

"My daughter, it is not without God's wish that I chanced upon you. Let us pray to God to take charge of the king too. That is the best we can do—and the best that is possible to happen in the present circumstances will happen," said the hermit.

The queen smiled. The fading smile still on her lips, she closed her eyes. The hermit felt her pulse and realised that she will never again open her eyes.

—To continue

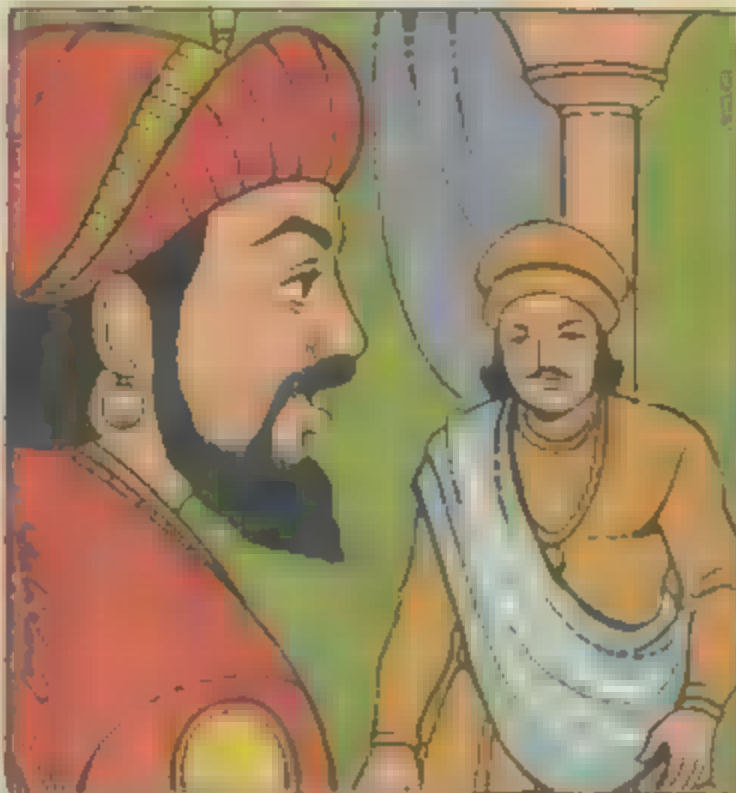


PULLING THE BEARD



A wealthy nobleman once told Emperor Akbar that he could bear any humiliation, but not the pulling of his beard.

The Emperor said, "That is understandable. I would behead the fellow who would pull my beard!"

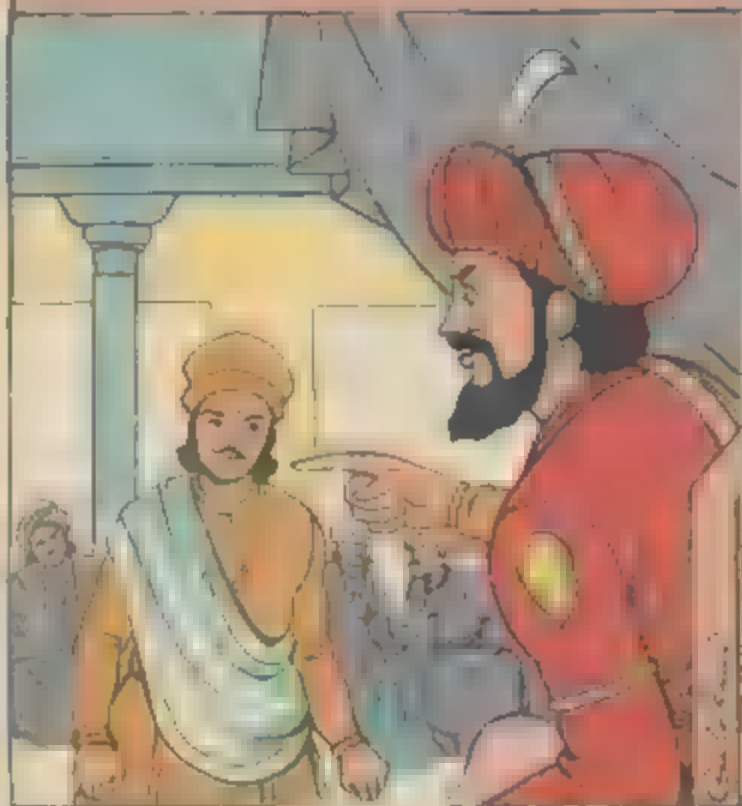


"No wonder, no wonder!" the courtiers said appreciatively. But Birbal alone kept quiet. "Don't you agree?" asked Akbar.

"My lord, I will offer sweet to a fellow who would pull your beard," asserted Birbal, "and you will be happy."

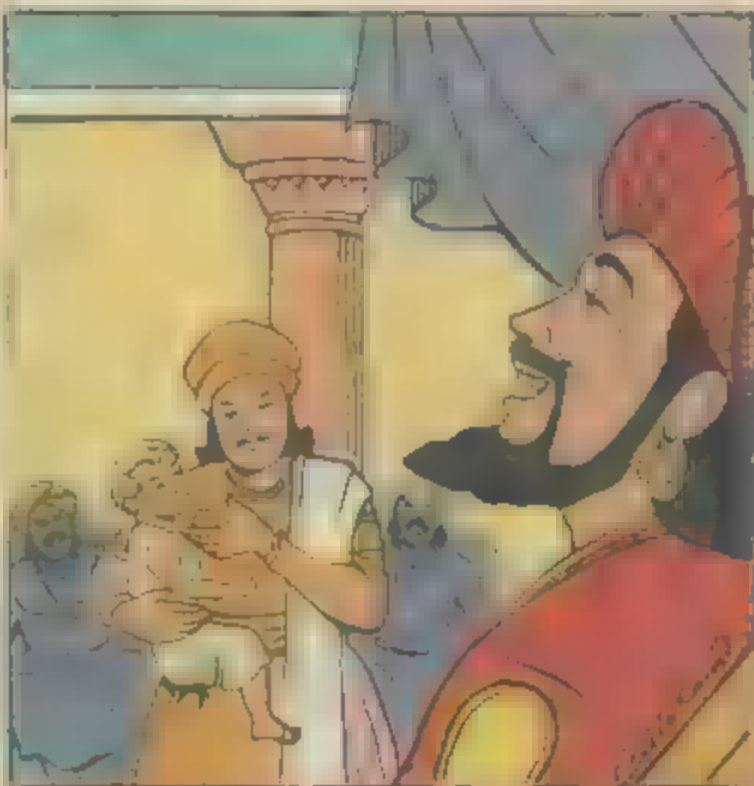


"How dare you say so! How can you offer sweet to a fellow who does that to me!" demanded Akbar. "Are you not afraid of the consequence?"



"I am not, my lord!" said Birbal. He rushed out into the garden where the emperor's infant grandson was with his nurse.

Birbal brought the infant and threw it into Akbar's arms. The child pulled at the emperor's beard. "Ah, ah!" cried out Akbar.



"Bravo! Here is a sweet for you!" said Birbal, taking the child into his arms and giving it a luddoo! Akbar conceded defeat, happily.



STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

(The Buddha was now keen to impart his knowledge to as many people as possible. Thousands became his disciples. Many orthodox gurus gave up their old ideas and accepted those preached by him.)

THE MASTER VISITS KAPILAVASTU

King Suddhodana of Kapilavastu was receiving the news of his son's great achievements—how even eminent scholars became his disciples and how King Bimbisara looked upon him as his Master. He was anxious to see his illustrious son. He sent a delegation, led by a nobleman, a

member of his court, to invite the Buddha to Kapilavastu. When the nobleman arrived at Rajagriha, the Buddha was preaching before an audience which listened to him with great attention.

“Let him finish his talk. Then I will go over to him and give him his father's message,” thought



the nobleman. He sat down and tried to understand what the former prince of his kingdom was saying.

But by the time the Buddha ended his speech, a great change had come over the nobleman. He bowed to the Buddha and prayed to be initiated as an *arhat*. The disciples were called. All the others who had been there under his leadership did the same.

King Siddhodana sent a second messenger—and a third—and a fourth. In fact, he sent nine of his trusted courtiers to deliver his message to his son, but ~~none~~ of them returned. They

all become *arhats*. We do not know why they did not deliver the king's message to their Master. Perhaps they were trying to forget the old phase of their life altogether. Or, maybe, they just hesitated and kept quiet.

However, the tenth messenger sent by the king had been a playmate of the Buddha in their childhood. He made bold to tell him, "Since you are travelling from one place to another, why not pay a visit to Kapilavastu? Your father and the people of your birthplace send their cordial invitation to you."

The Buddha agreed to visit





Kapilavastu. The messenger went back with great happiness. And the men and women of his city rejoiced at the news. They made elaborate preparations to accept their prince who had become a spiritual Master, greater than the kings. Hundreds of arches were raised along the roads. Every house was decorated with flowers and other auspicious symbols. Elephants stood ready to bestow flowers on the great visitor and his party.

The Buddha arrived with a large number of disciples. The king received him with deep love in his heart, but tears in his eyes. He had been informed that his

son would not like to live in the palace, separated from his disciples. Beautiful huts had been made in a large park for the entire party.

Next day, in the morning, the king was getting ready to go to the park when some of his kinsmen, the Sakyas, came running to him. They looked quite disturbed. "O King, we cannot bear such a sight!" they said.

"What sight?"

"The sight of our beloved prince out with a begging bowl in the streets!"

The king was stunned. "Lead me to him," he said after a pause. The Sakyas showed him the way to a lane where the Buddha was seen walking with a bowl, followed by a group of *arhats*.

"My son! Don't you understand how unbecoming this is of you! You are insulting the noble heritage built by the heroic and noble Sakyas, our ancestors!" said the king.

"O King, how can I insult the heritage which is not mine but yours? My heritage is quite different—the heritage built by great sages and ascetics of yore. They all lived through begging," the Buddha replied calmly.

A great change came over the king. He said nothing on that point any more. He went away in silence.

But the king attended the meeting addressed by the Buddha and he continued to attend it evening after evening. He and the queen—the Buddha's fond foster-mother—accepted the Buddha as their Master. The Buddha visited the palace and addressed a meeting attended by all the members of the royal family.

All—but one. Princess Yasodhara, the Buddha's wife, did not turn up at his meeting. When

some ladies of the palace asked her why she should not meet the Buddha, she replied, "He knows that I am here. Should he care to see me, he knows how to do that!"

And, after the meeting, the Buddha walked towards Yasodhara's apartment, followed by the king and the queen.

"Silently she suffers, O Buddha! Upon learning that you eat only once a day, she has been doing the same. She sleeps on the floor because you do not sleep in any soft bed. She wears a plain yellow linen because you wear yellow robes," said the queen.



Trembling and in tears, Yasodhara knelt down and bowed to the Buddha.

"She was a woman with great powers of asceticism even in her previous life. What she is doing is no suffering for her. It is in her nature," commented the Buddha.

Nanda, the son of the Buddha's foster-mother, was a bright young man marked by the qualities of an ideal prince. The king decided to make him the crown prince while the Buddha was in the town. He also wanted the prince to get married in the Buddha's presence. Since nobody knew how many days the Buddha would be there, the king, not to miss the chance, decided to perform both the ceremonies on the same day—an auspicious day.

The Buddha visited the palace

in the morning. Nanda went to him to take his blessings. The Buddha let him hold his begging bowl while talking to the others. The obedient prince stood holding it. The Buddha then began to walk. Not knowing what to do, Nanda followed him, the bowl in hand. He thought that the Buddha will take it back from him once, they were in the streets. But neither the Buddha asked for it, nor could he ask him to take it back. Nanda's bride, who saw through the window of a castle her bridegroom's departure, wept. The Buddha reached the park and so did Nanda. Only then the Buddha turned to him and asked with a smile. "Do you wish to go back to the palace?" But Nanda bowed to him and said. "My lord, enroll me as your disciple! I will not leave you."

—To continue



CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT-13

TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

WHO IS HE?

A lone traveller was on his way from ancient Lydia to Delphi. The priests at Delphi could answer questions on the future. Their answers were known as Oracles.

The traveller carried a question from his king. He reached Delphi and sought answer to his king's query from the priests. For some reason, the arrogant priests became angry with the messenger. They mistreated him. The messenger told them that he was their guest and it was their duty to protect him, not to offend him. In order to give an example of a good host, he told them the story of "The Eagle and the Beetle." Once an eagle was trying to swoop down on a hare. The hare entered a bush in which a beetle lived. "I am your guest. Please protect me," the hare told the beetle. The beetle prayed to the eagle to spare his guest. But the eagle took away the hare and ate it. The beetle was determined to take revenge. He located the eagle's eggs and rolled them down, smashing them. This went on. At last the eagle laid an egg on God Jupiter's lap. But the beetle threw dirt on Jupiter's lap. Jupiter shook the dirt off, in the process throwing away the egg. Then the beetle told his grievance to Jupiter. Jupiter agreed that the eagle had done great wrong.

But the priests at Delphi felt offended at hearing the story. They threw the messenger from a hill down to his death.

Who was the messenger?

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which foreign power colonised Goa?
2. What is the name of the general who occupied it?
3. Who was the founder of Hastinapura?
4. When and where did take place the longest earthquake in history?
5. Which city is known as the city of a thousand domes?
6. How long can a seal swim in a stretch?

MAGADHA

Magadha was one of the most ancient kingdoms of India. We find a reference to this kingdom even in the Vedas, though the name was then pronounced slightly differently.

According to the Puranas, Brihadratha, the father of Jarasandha, founded the kingdom. Jarasandha grew very powerful. He captured a number of kings and planned to sacrifice them before his deity, but Bhima killed him in a duel and liberated the imprisoned kings. Jarasandha's son who succeeded to the throne of Magadha, was on the side of the Pandavas during the Mahabharata War.

In historical times, the first great king to rule Magadha was Bimbisara. It was during his reign that Mahavira preached Jainism and Gautama Buddha

preached Buddhism. King Bimbisara had been respectful to both of them.

What was Magadha of Bimbisara's time, is now the area which is divided into Patna and Gaya districts of Bihar. It was Bimbisara's son, Ajatasatru, who built a fort at the confluence of the rivers Ganga and Son. The fort was known as Pataligram. The city that grew up around it became known as Pataliputra—or Kusumpura. The modern name of the city is Patna.

Magadha was so powerful that Alexander the Great, who came to conquer as many kingdoms as possible, did not dare to attack it. Many kings ruled from Pataliputra, the most famous of them being Chandragupta and his grandson Asoka.

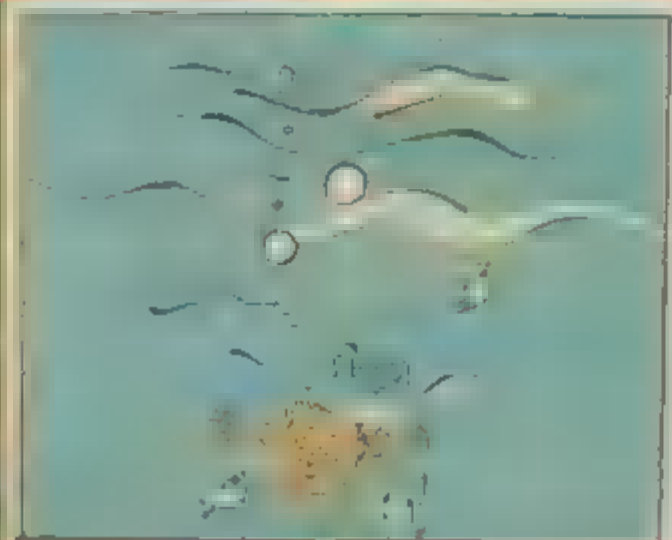
record in lemon eating

In a persistent bid to do novel things and gain entry into the Guinness book of world records for eating, N. Parthasarathy of Coimbatore performed a new eating feat. The 37-year-old man, swallowed three lemons cut into 12 quarter-parts in 11.2 seconds, a feat which he claims, has surpassed the existing world record standing in the name of one Bobby Kempf.



The modern Patna is the capital of Bihar. The two towns of Gaya district, Gaya and Bodh

Gaya, ~~are~~ holy places. Modern Gaya is also the seat of the University of Magadha.



The Lucky Boy

A little boy who fell into the Swiss part of Lake Maggiore and sank 30 or 40 metres to the bottom was pulled out of the water 20 minutes later and lived, reports DPA from Gambarongo (Switzerland). Several strokes of luck saved the five-year-old's life. Divers who were training at the spot at the time, combed the bottom to find him. A doctor on the shore was able to resuscitate the boy, who was on holiday with his parents.

LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. Which talented English dramatist was born in the same year as Shakespeare?
2. When and how did he die?
3. Which Roman poet was forced to commit suicide?
4. Who forced him and why?
5. Which country outside India has its own version of the 'Ramayana'?
6. What is the saga?

WHO IS HE?

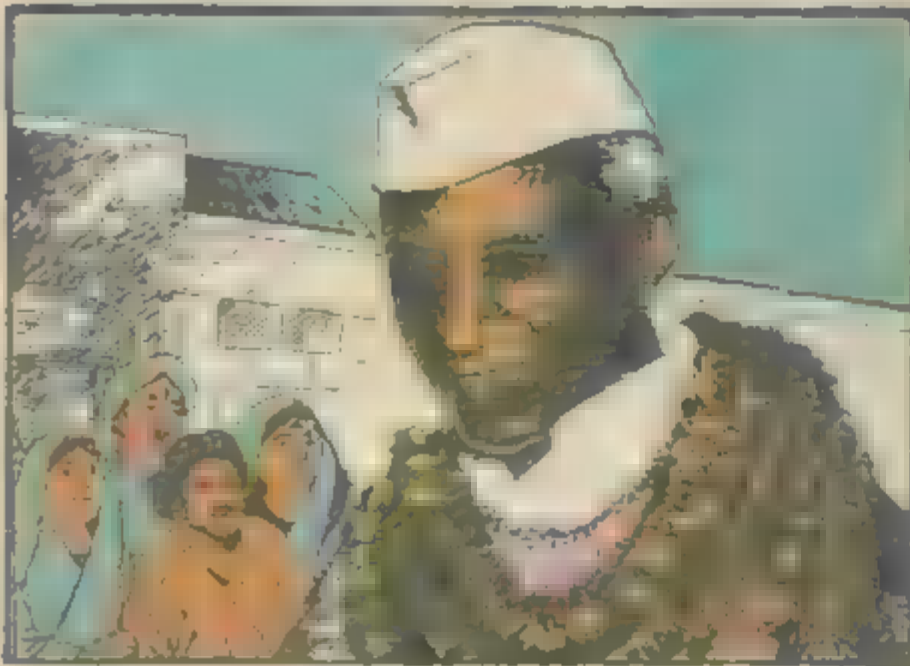
Aesop.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. The Portuguese
2. Alfonso de Albuquerque
3. King Hastin, the 5th descendant of Bharat
4. In 1333, in China. It lasted, with varied degrees, for ten years.
5. The city of El Qued, Algeria.
6. The Alaskan seals can swim for as much as six thousand miles.

WORLD LITERATURE

1. Christopher Marlowe, born in 1564.
2. At the age of 29, stabbed to death in a quarrel in a tavern.
3. Lucan.
4. Emperor Nero, because Lucan conspired against him.
5. Indonesia.
6. The medieval prose works of Iceland.



The serial picture story, begun in our issue of November '88 to mark the centenary of Jawaharlal Nehru, concludes this month, on the 14th of August, the son of India was born a hundred years ago.

STORY OF NEHRU (13)

The freedom movement continued in full swing despite oppression and imprisonment. Soon the

British realised they have to grant freedom to India. They decided to give Nehru in June 1945.

An Interim Government was formed by the Viceroy, with Nehru as its head. M. A. Jinnah, leader of the Muslim League, a party with Muslim members only, had been demanding the division of India along communal lines. Nehru could not persuade him to give up the plan.



In 1947, Lord Mountbatten, a hero of the World War II and a member of the British Royal family, came as the Viceroy and Governor-General of India. The British asked him to preside over a smooth transfer of power.



The Muslim League, bent upon dividing India, gave a call for "Direct Action". They attacked the Hindus and the Hindus soon began to retaliate. Bloody riots broke out in different parts of India, mostly in Bengal and Punjab.

At last the Congress accepted the Partition of India. On the 3rd of June, 1947, Nehru made a broadcast to the nation announcing the decision. Preparations were made for the division, amidst tears of millions belonging to both the sides.



On the 15th of August 1947 India became independent. Nehru became the first Prime Minister of free India. In a moving speech he called upon the people to contribute to building a new future.

There were great problems ahead. On the 30th of January, 1948, Gandhiji was assassinated in Delhi. That was a terrible blow to Nehru. But he had hardly any time to lament. Fresh issues demanded his attention



Some of the princes of the feudatory states dreamed of becoming independent. In Hyderabad, ruled by the Nizam, there were violent disturbances. Gangs of Razakars, the supporters of the Nizam, attacked the innocent citizens who wanted Hyderabad to merge with free India.

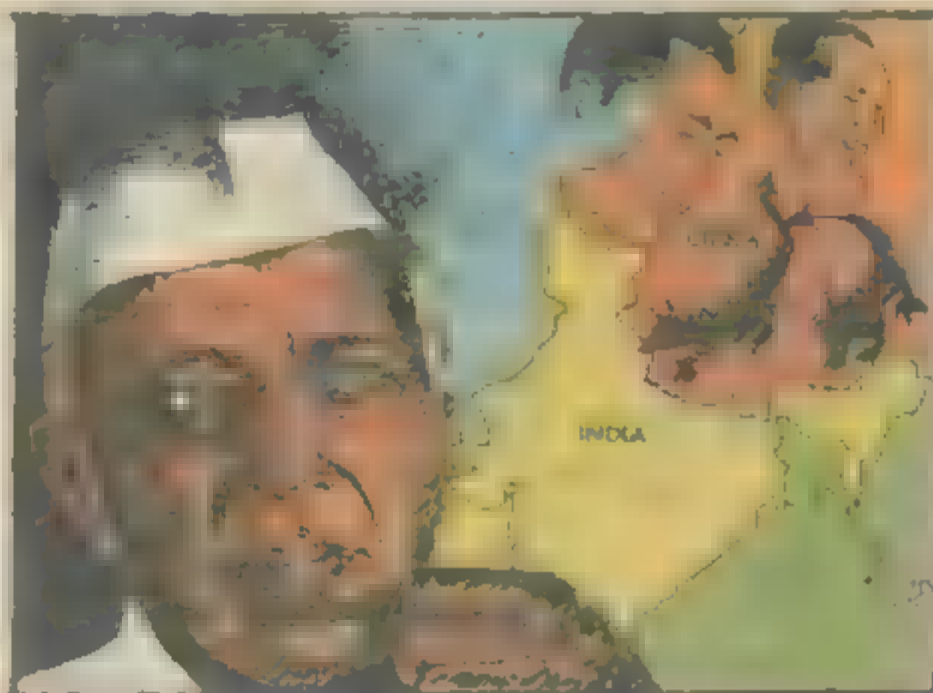
The ruler of Kashmir, Maharaja Hari Singh, declared his state's merger with India. Even then the Pakistanis instigated tribalists to rush towards Srinagar in a show of brute power. The Indian army threw them out.





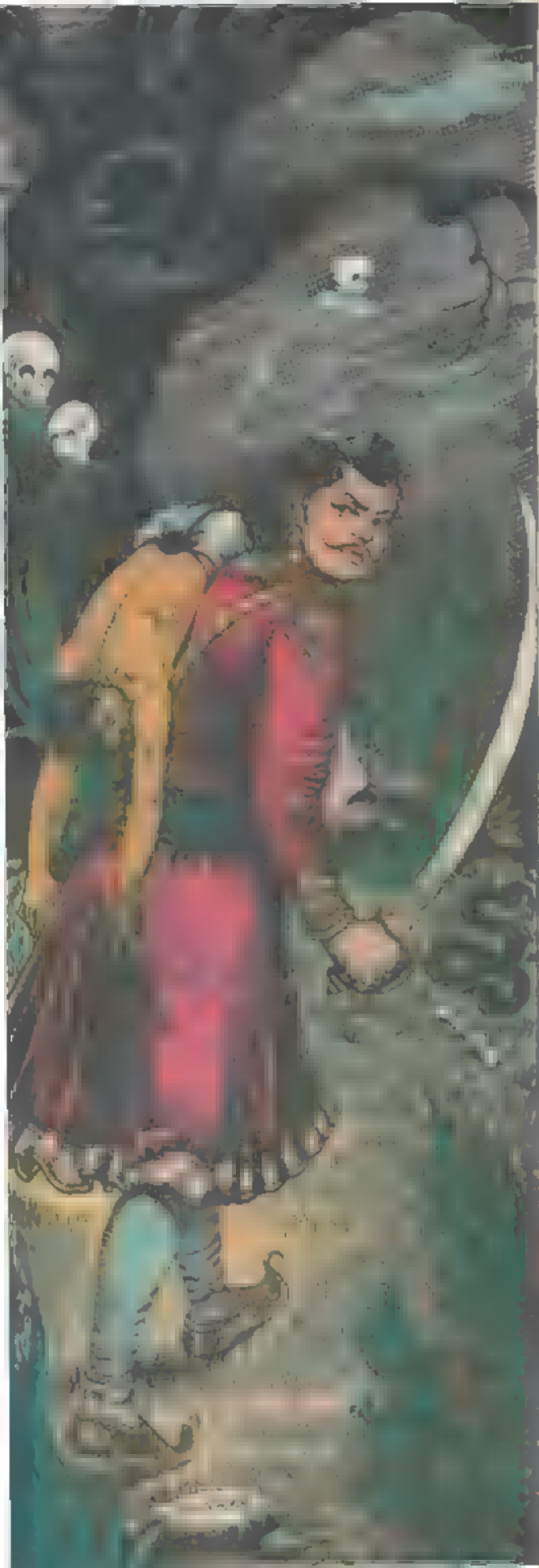
Amidst the problems Nehru was striving to achieve peace in the country and the world. In 1954 he signed the Panch Sheel, or the treaty of five principles of peaceful co-existence, with Chou-En-Lai, the Chinese premier, who loved India.

But in complete violation of the Panch Sheel, China attacked India in 1962. India was least prepared for it, but the Indian army fought bravely in the difficult frontiers. The Chinese withdrew, but their conduct gave a great lesson to Nehru.



While serving the country all his life—and as Prime Minister for 17 years—acknowledged as one of the greatest statesmen of the century, Nehru breathed his last on 27 May 1964. Thus ended the life of a revolutionary, a lover of mankind, a powerful writer and a visionary.

THE END



NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM
AND THE VAMPIRE

THE STRANGE
MUSICIAN
AT MIDNIGHT

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Fierce wind whistled past the trees. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, it is obvious that you are trying to achieve some *siddhi* by performing some magical rites. But are you sure that your labour will yield the desired result? It has been seen that those who labour hard for some *siddhi* may lose it; someone else who has done nothing to deserve it gets it. Let me explain my point through



an incident. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: In the kingdom of Vishalpattan lived a great musician named Hari Sharma. There was none in the whole kingdom to excel him in sweetness and craftsmanship of voice. He was the king's chief court singer.

He retired and returned to his village, Tamalgiri. He had no son, but had three daughters. The daughters had four sons. The grandsons occasionally visited Shastri in the town. The grandfather taught them music. But they were living in the village and

learnt music from one of the successful disciples of Shastri who belonged to their village. Now that Hari Shastri was permanently settled in his native village, he decided to train any one of the four grandsons who would be known as his heir.

He called all the four young men and tested them. All seemed equally talented. He was wondering whom to choose when a childhood friend of his, Abhay Dev, became his guest. Abhay Dev had been to the town and was now on his way back to his village.

Abhay Dev was a genuine scholar. What is more, he was an honest and dependable person. But he was in a dilemma. He had inherited a large house built by his uncle. The house was lying empty and Abhay Dev planned to shift there from his old, dilapidated house. But a female ghost had started visiting the new house every night. She took seat in one of the rooms and sang for hours. Abhay Dev met her and asked her when she would stop visiting the house. "The day I will feel satisfied," was her reply. Who knew how long she would take to feel satisfied? Abhay Dev did not know what to do.

Hari Shastri's grandsons said that maybe they would be able to satisfy her! Abhay Dev became hopeful. Shastri agreed to the young men accompanying his friend. Both Abhay Dev and Shastri knew the hymn by reciting which one could protect oneself from the influence of a spirit. Of course, Abhay Dev certified that this particular spirit was not at all ■ bad one. She did not mean any harm to anybody. She seemed to be the daughter of some aristocratic family who had died before her ambition in music had been fulfilled.

The four young men accompanied Abhay Dev to his house. The unoccupied house stood outside the village. It was midnight when music began to emanate from the house.

Shrikumar, the eldest of the four, proceeded to meet the spirit. He tapped on the door and opened it with ■ bang and sat down facing the spirit.

The spirit stopped singing and asked, "Is it my singing that brought you here?"

"Yes, because I am a singer," said Shrikumar. The spirit requested him to sing. Shrikumar sang one of his best songs. "That was an excellent performance,"



commented the spirit. "Here is your reward," she said again, handing over ■ piece of diamond to Shrikumar.

Shrikumar gladly received the reward. Then, after some hesitation, said, "You seem satisfied. In that case..."

"No. I am yet to find the satisfaction necessary to leave the house," said the spirit.

Back with Abhay Dev and his cousins, Shrikumar narrated his experience. He was pleased with his reward.

Jaykumar, the second young man said, "I know what would satisfy the spirit. I will talk to her tomorrow."



Jaykumar went to the haunted house as soon as the spirit's singing was heard. He entered the house and clapped his hands. The spirit stopped singing and looked at him.

"I am a grandson of the greatest musician of this kingdom, Pundit Hari Shastri. I bestow on you the title, 'Crown of Spirit-singers'."

"Thanks. Nobody had bestowed any title on me so far. I am happy. If you are a singer, I will be happy to hear your recital," said the spirit.

Jaykumar sang and received a diamond as his reward.

"I suppose now you will go

away!" said Jaykumar. "No!" said the spirit. Jaykumar had no courage to say anything more. The spirit looked quite grave.

After Jaykumar was back, the third young man, Vijaykumar said, "I know how to satisfy her." When Vijaykumar reached the haunted house the next night, the spirit was about to begin singing. Said Vijaykumar in an affable tone, "Go on. I shall sing after you. We will have a competition between us."

"Why don't you sing first?" asked the spirit. Vijaykumar had no objection to it. As soon as he finished singing, the spirit offered him a diamond. Vijaykumar was elated. He forgot all about the proposed competition. He thanked the spirit and returned home.

Now it was the turn of Vidyutkumar, Shastri's fourth grandson, to confront the spirit. The spirit had just begun to sing when Vidyutkumar tiptoed to her presence and sat down soundlessly. The spirit sang on. Vidyutkumar listened to her in rapt attention. It was dawn when she finished. Only then she noticed Vidyutkumar.

"Were you here for the whole night?" asked the spirit,

surprised.

"I do not know how long I have been here. You were just beginning to sing when I came. I forgot time—as I sat listening to your wonderful recital," said Vidyutkumar.

The spirit kept looking at Vidyutkumar for a moment. "I believe, you are a singer. Won't you sing for me?" she asked.

Vidyutkumar sang a song appropriate for the dawn. The spirit heard him with rapt attention and then presented to him a bagful of diamonds. "Now I am satisfied," she said and she disappeared.

The spirit was heard singing no

more. Abhay Dev was immensely pleased. When the young men returned to their village, Hari Shastri chose Vidyutkumar as his disciple.

The vampire paused for a moment and demanded of King Vikram, "I find the spirit's conduct rather strange. If she was not satisfied with the songs sung by the first three young men, how was she satisfied with Vidyutkumar's song? There is no reason for us to believe that Vidyutkumar could sing better than the others! O King, answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off





your neck."

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "The spirit was a singer herself. Her satisfaction lay in singing to her heart's content while someone listened to her. Each of the first three young men took it for granted that the spirit would be satisfied by listening to his singing. Guided by such ego, they never cared to pay attention to the spirit's singing. They interrupted her rudely. How could the spirit be satisfied? But Vidyutkumar listened to her with respect and real love for music.

That satisfied the spirit.

"Now about Hari Shastri choosing Vidyutkumar for his disciple. It is true that all the four young men sang equally well. But Hari Shastri was satisfied that Vidyutkumar had humility and sympathy for others. While the first quality would make him a good disciple, the second quality would make him a good teacher."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

MAKE SURF OF YOUR COPY OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR
BY PRADEEP K. SHARMA FOR PAPER
WITH YOUR NEWS AGENT

THE KING AND THE MASTER

Long ago a great Indian sage went over to Tibet. He is famous in history and legends as Padmasambhava. He was a Buddhist. Under his influence the entire population of Tibet took to Buddhism.

The king of a certain region of Tibet heard of the great sage. "Let us summon him to our court," he told his minister.

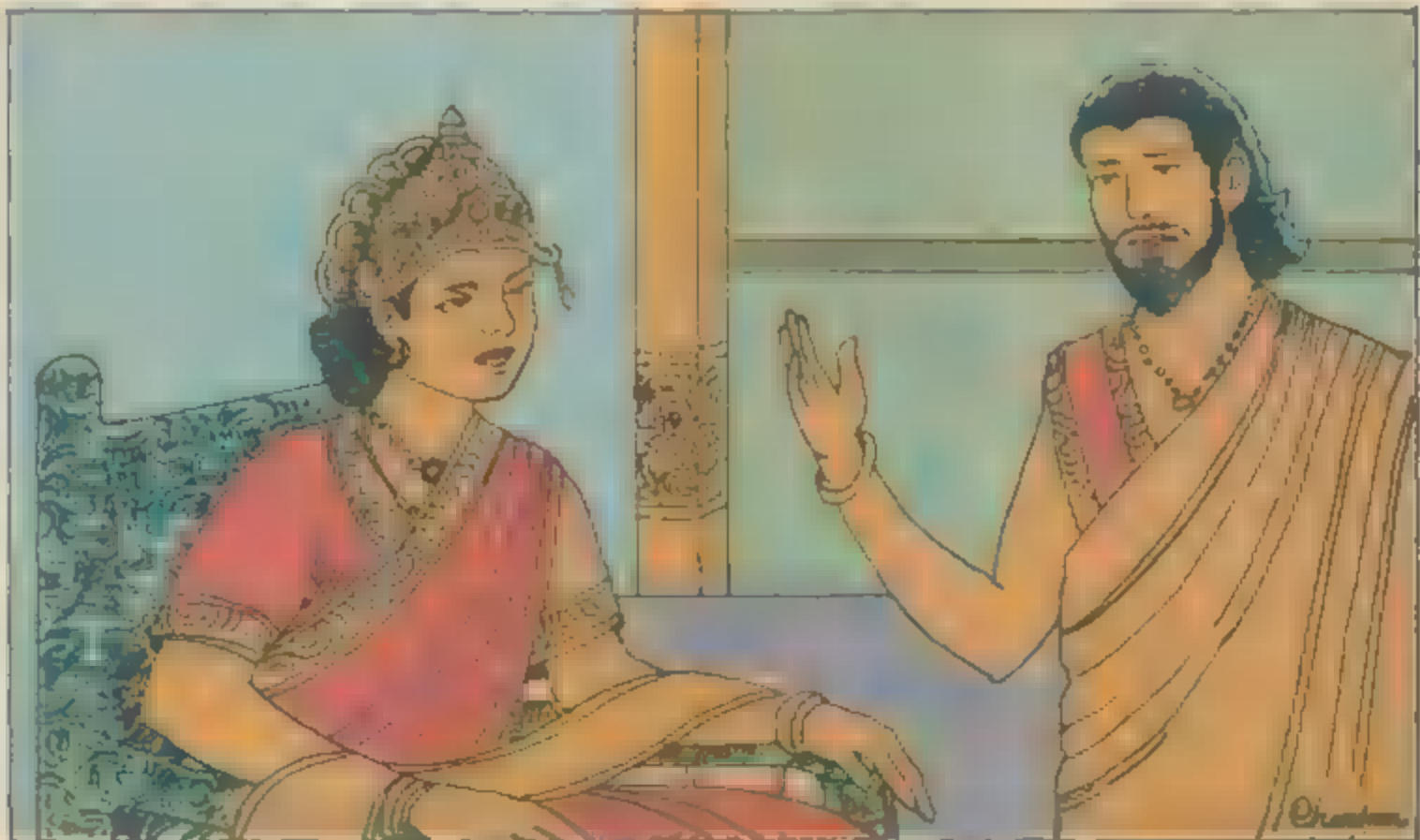
"My lord, the sages either visit a king's court out of their sweet will or the kings visit them. The sages cannot be summoned," the

old minister explained.

The minister had been the young king's teacher. He was a wise man. The young king would find it very difficult to rule the kingdom without the minister's help.

"Then let us visit him and see his miracles," said the king.

It was widely believed that the sage could perform miracles. But the minister said, "My lord, the sage may or may not perform miracles. Even if he performed them, that should not be the



cause of your interest in him. Any street magician can perform what appears to be miracles. It matters little how he performs them. But if we go to a sage, we should go only for knowledge—for very high knowledge.”

“Then I should go to him for knowledge!” said the king.

The old minister kept quiet. “Why don’t you speak?” asked the king.

“My lord, I will tell you when it will be time for you to go and seek knowledge. I must say that you have to wait for some more years!”

The king did not like the minister’s words. He thought,

“My minister thinks that he alone has all the knowledge. As long as he is alive, I need not go to anybody else for knowledge! Pooh!”

One day the king was passing through a village, riding a horse, followed by some nobles and guards. The old minister was not with him. Generally the people came out to greet the king whenever he passed through any locality. But the king was surprised to see the village streets deserted.

“What is the matter? Where are all the villagers gone?” he asked an old man who stood alone at the end of the village.



"My lord, they have all gone to hear the Sage Padmasambhava, who is camping nearby."

"Is that so? Let us go there!" the king said excitedly. The old man told him how to proceed there. In a few minutes the king approached the meeting-place.

The entire audience stood up to greet the king. That was expected. Of course, the sage kept sitting. That was also not unexpected. But what annoyed the king was, two persons, who looked like noblemen and who sat on both the sides of the sage, did not stand up. They merely smiled and nodded.

The king cast a very stern look

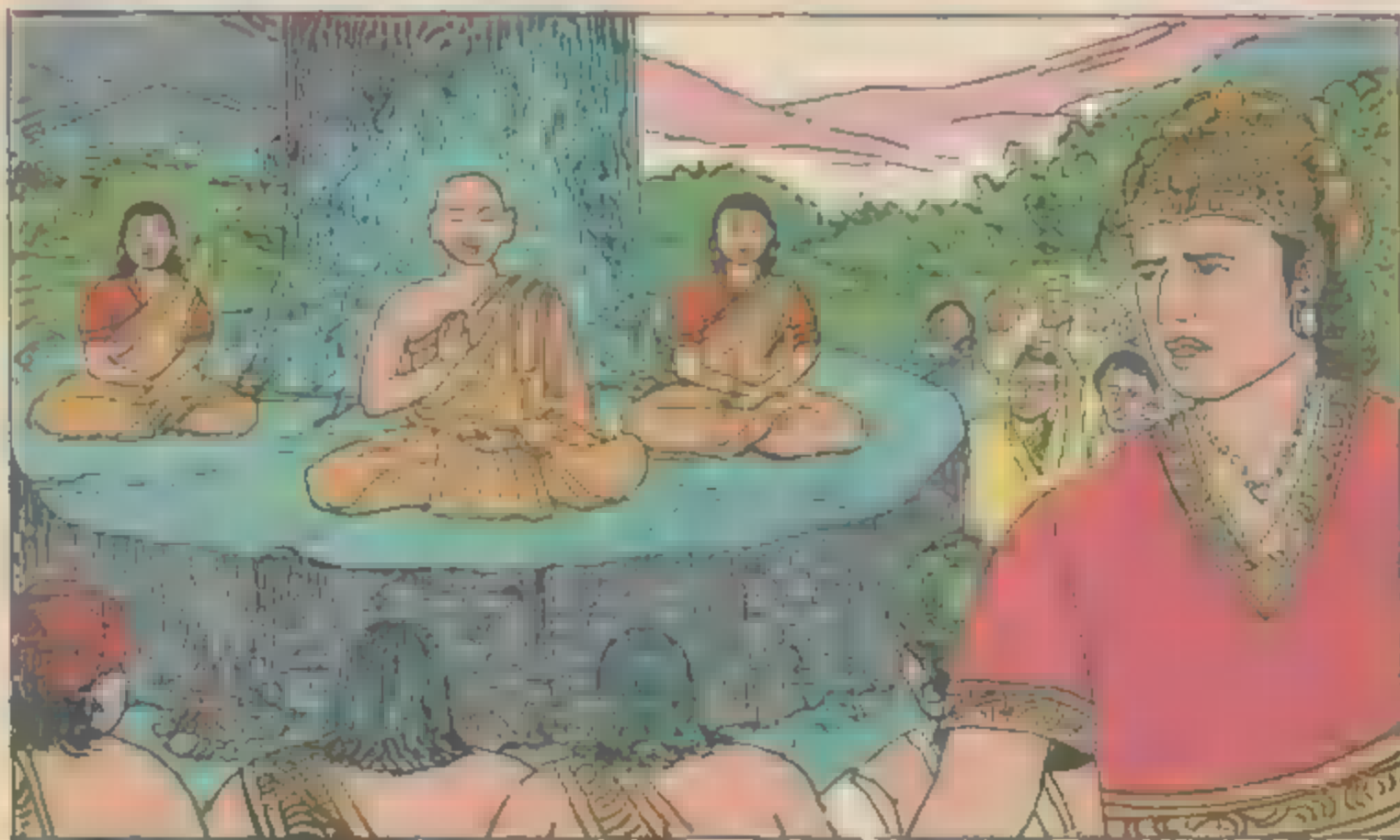
at the two and turned his horse and galloped away with his followers.

When the king was back in his palace, the old minister heard about his travels.

"My lord, did you see the sage?" he asked.

The king gave a start. Alas, he had almost forgotten the sage. The arrogant conduct of the two noblemen had annoyed him so much that he hardly looked at the sage! The picture of the sage was very hazy in his memory.

"Yes, I saw him. But who were those two noblemen who sat beside him? They were so arrogant that they did not care to get



up on my arrival! They behaved as if they too were kings! Will you please find out who they were?" said the angry king.

"I will, my lord," the minister assured him.

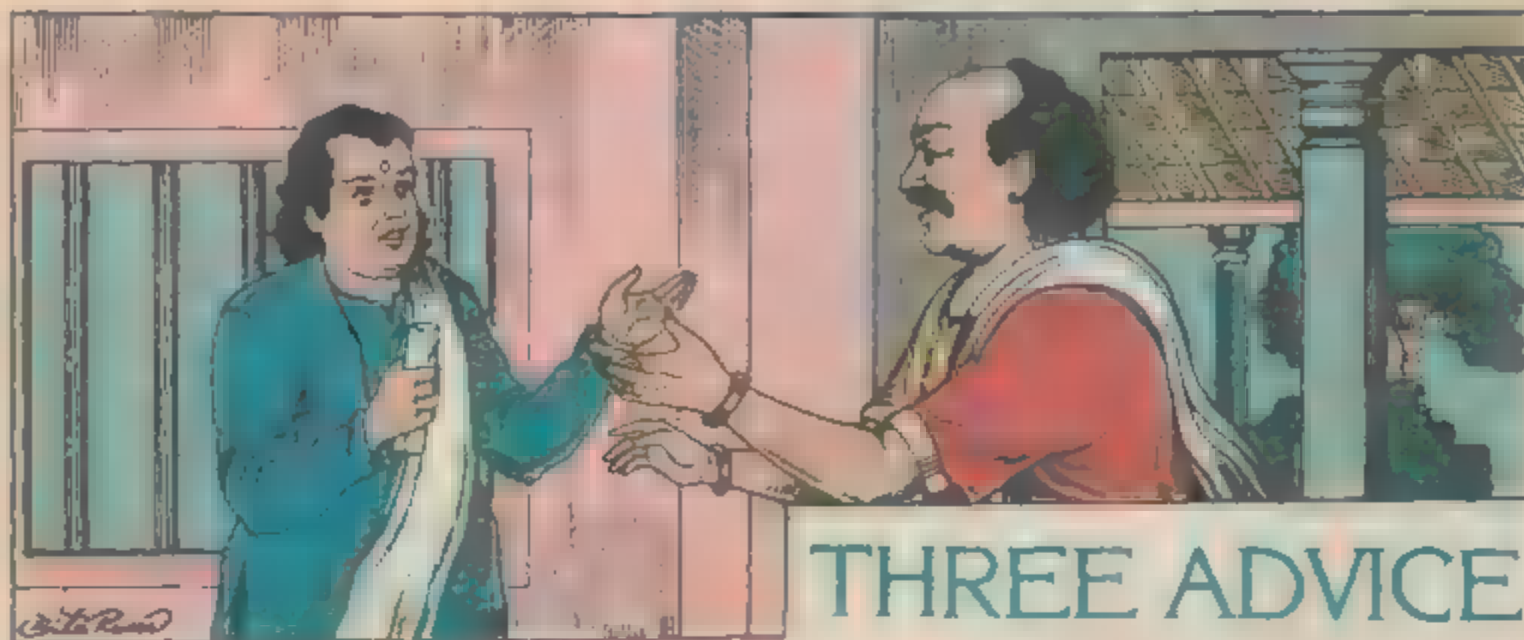
The wise minister travelled to Sage Padmasambhava's camp and spent a week there, listening to the sage's discourses and observing everything that was going on around him. He returned to the palace on the eighth day.

He found the king very upset. "What is this I hear, my minister? Two of the biggest hot springs of our kingdom have suddenly dried up!"

The minister looked sad. "I anticipated some such thing. Those two personages were the guardians of the hot springs. They are Nagas, supernatural beings. They too are kings in their own spheres. As you looked at them angrily and did not acknowledge their smile and nod, they got offended. They withdrew their powers from those springs."

The king was stunned. Now he realised why the minister would not like him to visit the sage. The king had not been mentally prepared for the occasion. He did not have the humility with which one ought to go to a sage.





THREE ADVICE

This happened long ago. In the village Sagarpatna lived Jaydev Acharya, a man with sage-like qualities.

He was endowed with a very special quality. If one put ■ question to him either at the time of sunrise or at the time of sunset, he would retire into his meditation room. After ■ moment he would come out with the answer written on a slip of paper. Generally the people found his answers most apt and helpful. Many of those who benefited by his advice gave him money. He put the money to some good use, always for the benefit of others.

One day ■ nobleman named Shridhar Das met him and said, "Sir, I have no specific question to put you. But I will like to have from you some instructions which would be beneficial to me in a practical way."

Acharya, as usual, entered his meditation room. After ■ while he handed over to Shridhar ■ piece of paper with three advice written on it. They were: (1) Unless it is unavoidable, do not disclose the plans of your action to anyone before it is worked out. (2) Should you eat your food during your travel along a long road, choose a spot a little away from the road. (3) Never put forth a bait on the spur of a moment.

Shridhar decided to put the advice into practice. He was to start for the town for an important business. He hired ■ cart and began his journey. He asked the carter to stop at noon. There was a well, shadowed by some trees, ■ little away from the road. He went over there and sat down and ate his food. Then he returned to the cart and the cart resumed its



motion.

He had gone about half a mile farther when he remembered having left his purse near the well. He returned to the spot and found his purse there. He realised the value of Acharya's advice. Had he taken his food sitting somewhere on the road itself and left his purse there, somebody would have picked it up and it would have been lost to him forever.

Meanwhile there had been another pleasant surprise for him. He had pressed his right foot on some unknown ripe fruit. The fruit was smashed. But in no time it cured a boil which he had

on his foot for the past six months.

He now located the tree bearing those fruit. He decided to pluck a few on his way back home.

But on his way back from the town, he had to take to another route because of some work.

On reaching the village he heard that the landlord of the village was suffering from a very bad boil on his foot. The boil neither burst nor disappeared. The landlord was very dear to him. He decided to go in search of the curative fruit the next day.

"I have to go out again tomorrow," he told his wife. As she wanted to know why, he told her all about the miraculous fruit.

Shridhar set out for the landlord's house late in the afternoon. On his way he met a neighbour, Jayendra. "I know how to cure the landlord of his boil," said Jayendra in the course of their conversation. "How can you? You are no physician!" challenged Shridhar. Soon they were locked in arguments and Shridhar agreed to a bait. According to it, if Jayendra could cure the landlord in two days, he would be free to take away the very first thing he would touch on visiting

Shridhar's house!

Next day, in the morning, Shridhar proceeded to the place where he had seen the tree. He plucked some fruit and returned home. In the afternoon he went to meet the landlord. But he was surprised to find the landlord beaming with happiness. "Do you know, Shridhar, what a gifted neighbour you have in Jayendra? He cut a strange fruit and pressed it on my boil this morning. The boil burst in five minutes. Not only that, the skin got healed in one hour!" the landlord informed Shridhar.

Shridhar's astonishment was great. He soon found out what

had happened. His wife passed on the secret of the tree to Jayendra's wife, when the two women met for their gossip after their lunch. Jayendra had gone in search of the tree that very evening and had come back with the fruit.

Now Shridhar was in a crisis! According to the condition, Jayendra was entitled to take away the first thing he touched! What if he touches his wife's jewellery box? Of course, the jewellery could be hidden. But what if he touches some other valuable thing?

Shridhar ran to Jaydev Acharya once again. Acharya





went into his meditation room and wrote out some advice on a piece of paper. Handing it over to Shridhar, he said, "Act accordingly. I will be there on time in the morning."

On his way home, Shridhar read what was written on the paper, "Place your wife's jewellery box on the loft in your room and place a ladder nearby, a little away from it."

Shridhar acted accordingly. Jayendra was welcomed in the morning. He knew the jewellery box of Shridhar's wife. He saw it on the loft. Hurriedly he shifted the ladder to the right place to

reach the loft.

Acharya was already there. At once he said, "It is done! Jayendra! you need not trouble yourself any more. The whole ladder—with all its bamboo steps, is entirely yours! How wise you have been to choose a ladder as the thing to be touched first!"

All present there laughed. Jayendra realised his blunder and he too laughed. "I agree that I have acted foolishly. Well, Shridhar can keep the ladder!" he said.

Now Shridhar realised the value of all the three advice given to him by Acharya.

God can never be realized by one who is not pure of heart.

—Mahatma Gandhi



UNDER THE PALM TREE

In a certain prosperous village lived an eminent merchant named Shiva Gupta. He had a son, Vimal, who returned to the village after the completion of his studies in the town.

Shiva Gupta was the wholesale distributor for so many goods in an area of one hundred villages. He had a big godown and a number of assistants, apart from a regular office and two grocery shops. No wonder that he should look forward to his son's assistance.

But it appeared that Vimal was more interested in his childhood friends than in his father's business. He attended his father's office every day, and because he was very intelligent and capable, he could do in an hour what an average man will take half a day to finish, but he would not spend as much time in the office as his

father would like him to.

Shiva Gupta did not mind his son playing truant at the office, but what displeased him was the company in which his son spent his time. They were drunkards and gamblers. However, Shiva Gupta knew that his son had not been contaminated by their vices.

Ravi Gupta had a friend who was a renowned astrologer. One day he told Gupta, "The coming six months seem to be an auspicious time for you. Why don't you set out on a voyage for better business?"

"But what about my establishments here? Vimal can hardly look after them," grumbled Shiva Gupta.

"You are underestimating Vimal. Leave it to him and see how he manages it," said the astrologer.

Gupta felt inspired and made



up his mind to undertake the voyage. In the evening he called Vimal and spoke to him about his plan and said, "My son, you must give up your present company."

"Father, you had never asked me to do so earlier!" observed Vimal with surprise.

"That is because I have trust in your character. But now that I will be away, you will become the head of my establishments. People will watch you. The company you keep shall bring you disrepute!" said Gupta.

"Father, I mix with them, first because they were my childhood friends, secondly because I propose to bring them back from

their evil ways, thirdly because, against ■ bait, I want to prove that ■ strong man can remain uncontaminated by the vices of his companions," said Vimal.

"I appreciate your arguments. But you know what happens to ■ man who drinks only milk under a palm tree!" commented Gupta and he gave his attention to other things.

As soon ■ Gupta left, Vimal took full charge of ■ the departments of his father's business. He remained very busy at the office and had ■ time for his friends. But ■ question was uppermost in his mind. What happens to a ■ who drinks only milk under ■ palm tree? He grew more and more curious about it. One day, early in the morning, he carried ■ potful of milk to the meadow outside the village and sat down under a palm tree. Then he began drinking the milk slowly in order to observe what happened.

But nothing happened except that a villager passed by him, looking at him again and again. When Vimal smiled at him, the villager increased his speed.

The fellow straight went to Vimal's house and reported to his mother, "Auntie, our worse expectation came true. Vimal is

sitting drunk under a palm tree. Some of his pals must have given him toddy made from those trees, you know!"

Vimal's mother gave out a wail. The villager ran back to Vimal and told him, "Are you not ashamed of your conduct? Your mother is crying!"

"Why?" asked Vimal, surprised.

"Is it proper for you to drink toddy like this, in the open?"

"But who is drinking toddy? I am only drinking milk!" said Vimal and he showed the content of his pot. The man was satisfied that it was nothing but milk.

On rushing home, Vimal saw his mother really crying. "Mother, I was drinking only milk!" he said.

"Milk? Am I a kid? Who forbade you to drink milk at home?" retorted the mother.

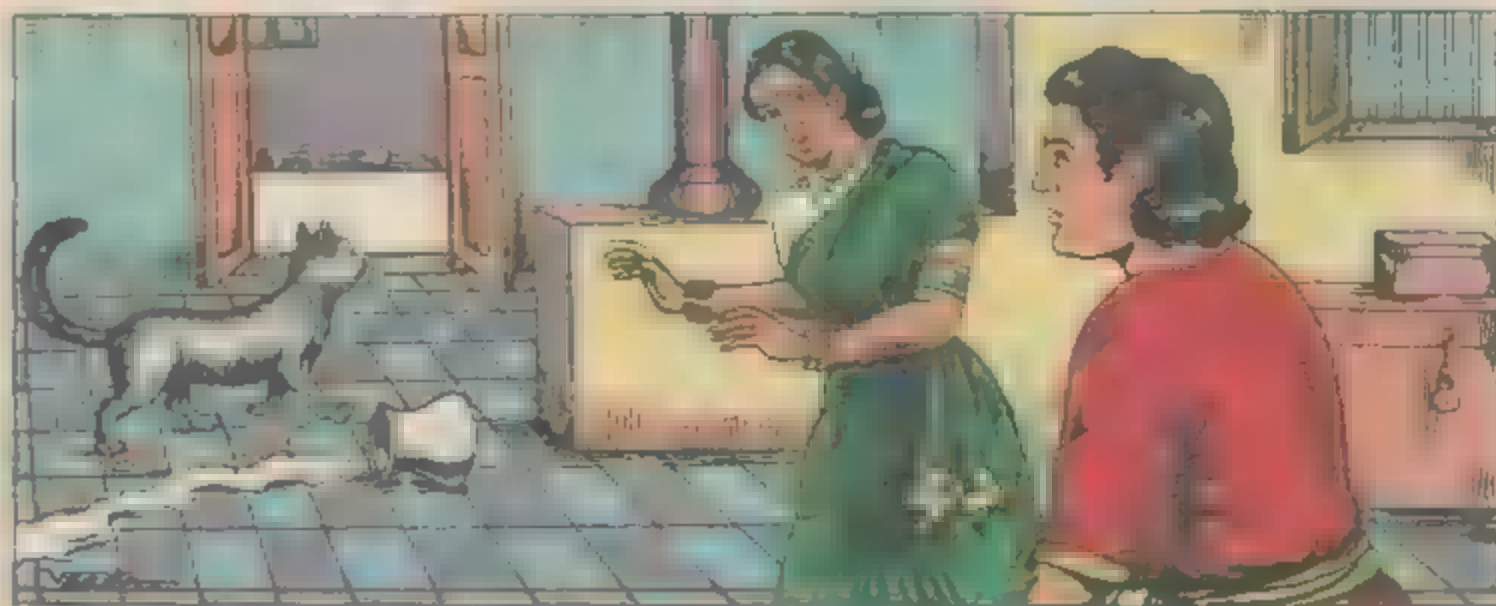
"All right, Mother, I will drink

the rest here!" said Vimal. But his mother hit the pot with her hand and it fell on the floor. The milk spilled. A cat came running at the sight of the milk, but when it saw that it was being watched, it went away as if it never meant to lap up the milk!

"Now what have you to say, my son? Does a cat ever shun milk?" asked the mother.

■ took a long time for Vimal to convince his mother that he had never taken liquor. But he realised what his father had meant: just as ■ man found drinking milk while seated under a palm tree will be thought to be drinking toddy, a man keeping the company of drunkards will be taken as a drunkard.

Vimal gave up the practice of mixing with the drunkards. Only those of his old pals who gave up the habit, remained his friends.



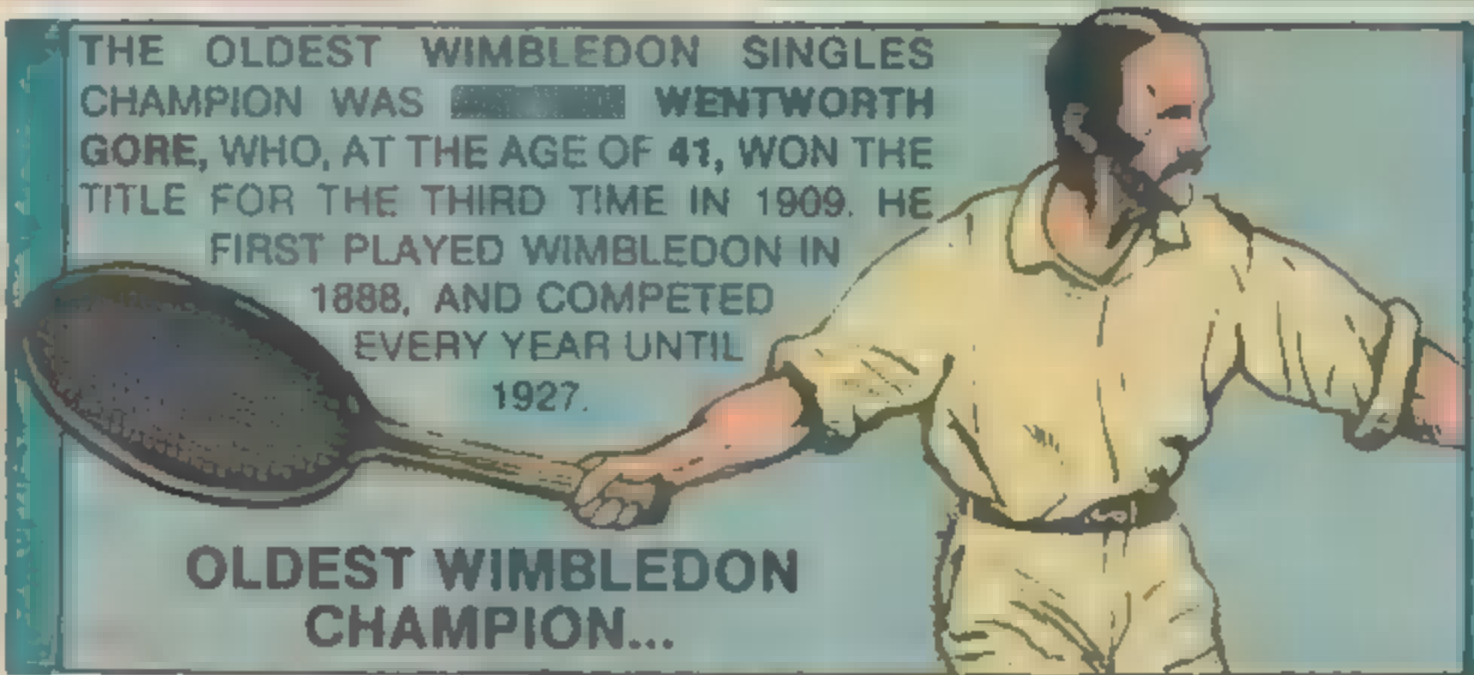
PELOTA VASCA (ALSO KNOWN AS JAI ALAI) ORIGINATED IN ITALY AND WAS INTRODUCED INTO FRANCE IN THE 13TH CENTURY. THE WHICKERWORK BASKET WITH WHICH THE PLAYERS CATCH AND HURL THE BALL, WAS INVENTED BY MELCHOR CURUCHAGE OF ARGENTINA IN 1888.

PELOTA VASCA



THE OLDEST WIMBLEDON SINGLES CHAMPION WAS **WENTWORTH GORE**, WHO, AT THE AGE OF 41, WON THE TITLE FOR THE THIRD TIME IN 1909. HE FIRST PLAYED WIMBLEDON IN 1888, AND COMPETED EVERY YEAR UNTIL 1927.

OLDEST WIMBLEDON CHAMPION...



GOLF BALLS

THE AMERICAN GOLF BALL IS SLIGHTLY LARGER THAN THE EUROPEAN BALL. THEY ARE MADE BY WINDING RUBBER THREAD AROUND A SOLID OR LIQUID CORE AND COATING IN A PLASTIC OR RESIN SKIN.



ARROW POISON FROG



THE MOST POWERFUL VENOM COMES FROM THE KOKOI OR ARROW POISON FROG OF SOUTH AMERICA. 1/100,000TH OF A GRAMME IS ENOUGH TO KILL A HUMAN.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, AYERS ROCK, IN THE NORTHERN TERRITORY OF AUSTRALIA, IS NOT THE LARGEST ROCK IN THE WORLD. THIS DISTINCTION GOES TO THE 1,237 FT (377M) HIGH **MOUNT AUGUSTUS** IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA. IT IS 8 MILES (8 KM) LONG AND 2 MILES (3 KM) WIDE, MAKING IT TWICE THE SIZE OF THE MORE FAMOUS AYERS ROCK.



LARGEST ROCK

AN AFRICAN BULL ELEPHANT ALWAYS HAS THE LEFT TUSK SHORTER THAN THE RIGHT. THIS IS BECAUSE THE LEFT TUSK IS USED FOR DIGGING AND GRADUALLY GETS WORN AWAY.





THE INDIAN RAILWAYS

What carries ten million passengers, 740,000 tons of freight a day, over 38,000 miles (61,000 kms.) using 11,000 locomotives, commanding sixteen lakhs of workers to co-ordinate the entire operation? It is none other than the Indian Railways.

How did it begin? How did it come to be the largest transport system in Asia?

More than hundred years ago Great Britain witnessed the Industrial Revolution. Of the many machines invented, the steam engine was just one. Many inventors contributed to the making of the locomotive. George Stephenson's steam railway, known as the Stockton and

Darlington, carried coal from the mines to the wharf for the first time by 1830. Once it was a success in Britain, where to introduce it next? In India, naturally, for it was the largest colony of Britain! It facilitated the carrying of materials from the interior lands of India to the ports, cheaply and efficiently.

To begin with, two lines were proposed. One was from Calcutta to Raniganj (120 miles) to be built by the East India Company and the other from Bombay to Kalyan (30 miles) by the Great Indian Peninsula Railway.

The first to be completed was the line from Bombay to Thana (20 miles). Later, it was extended across the Thana creek by a

bridge over 22 stone arches to Kalyan. The train was waved off from Bori Bunder of Bombay, on 16th of April, 1853, at 3.30 P.M. As it was a public holiday, the 400 passengers were sent off by a huge crowd with the accompanying music from the Governor's Band and a 21-gun salute!

In the east, the Calcutta-Raniganj line was tested on the 3rd of February 1855. Down south a line was laid from Vyasarpadi, Madras, to Walajah Road, Arcot.

Several Indian princes also installed railways in their states. The rulers had sumptuous private coaches and some like the Gaekwar of Baroda even installed a throne in it!

As railways spread, new patterns were introduced to overcome crowding in compartments, to suit the different landscapes etc. Double-deck coaches were manufactured to ease congestion in the lower class coaches. The Hill Railways with unique designs were installed — the Darjeeling-Himalayan Rail-

ways, the Matheran Light Railways and the Nilgiri Railways, are still popular.

Gradually the industry grew and by the beginning of the twentieth century formed the backbone of our trade and commerce. India can proudly state that more than 80 per cent of the raw materials needed for the Railway industry is produced within the country itself. The three major manufacturing units are Chittaranjan, which until 1972 was producing steam locomotives and now manufactures electric and diesel engines; Varanasi for producing diesel locomotives, and Perambur which manufactures coaches.

The industry which is still expanding, now boasts of a luxury train — "Palace on Wheels" drawn by a steam engine named the Desert Queen.

The whistle of the locomotive was once described as "the voice of the demon". Today its countless tunes can be heard at nearly 7,072 stations spread all over India.

—Uma K.



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with every 25's pack



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ITA 1549

AN UNBURNING CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS

MEGHMITA CHAKRABORTY

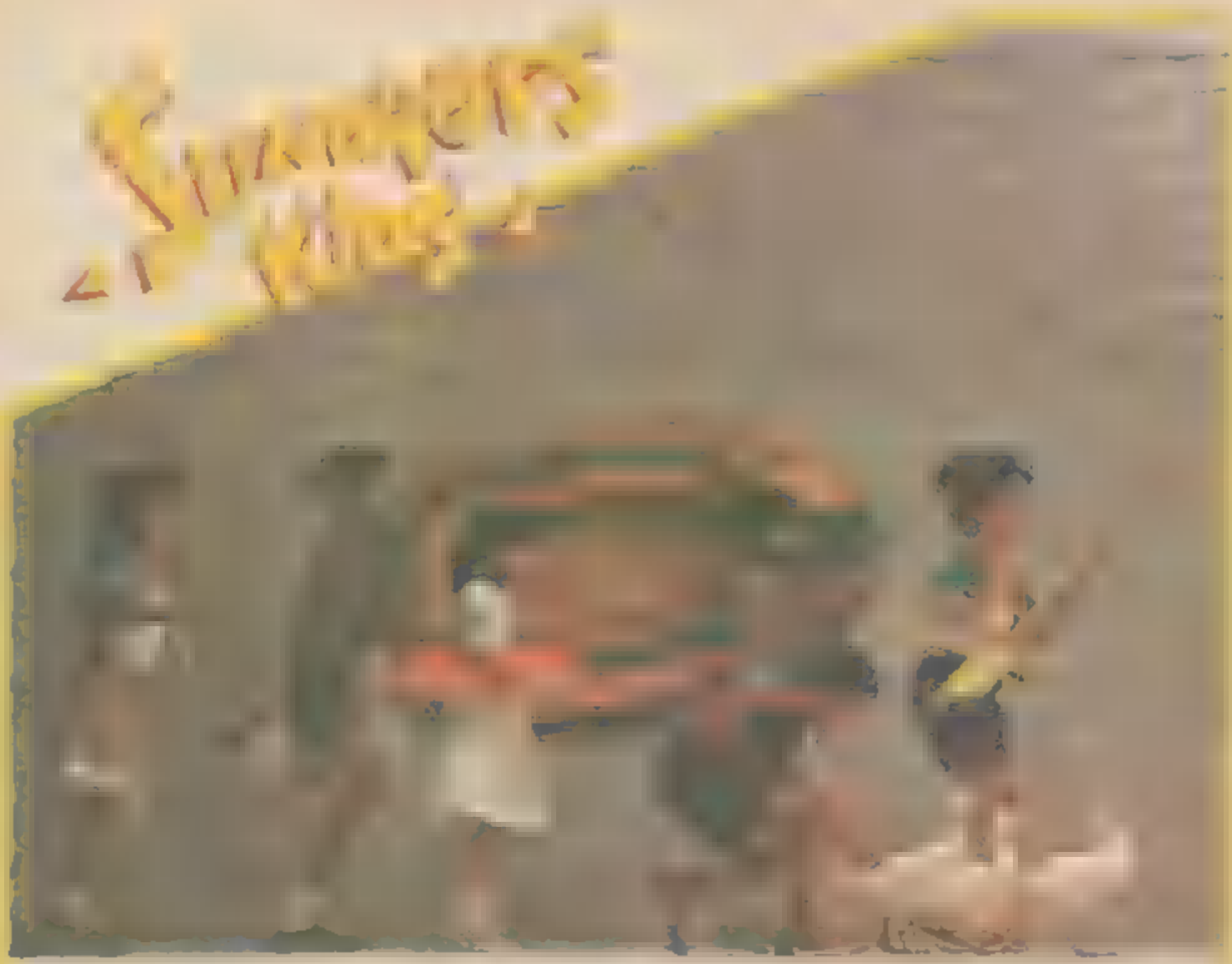
Meghmita Chakraborty of Dombivli, Thane, would like to know the meaning of the phrase given in the title. To *burn the candle at both ends* means to let one's resources or energy be spent in two ways. If one works less and thereby earns less, but spends more, or if one goes to bed late and gets up very early, one is burning the candle at two ends.

What is *bodacious*? Shrimant Kumar of Howrah wonders, for he does not find the word in his dictionary.

Bodacious is a combination of *bold* and *audacious*. This is a Portmanteau word—as the phrase was coined by our dear Lewis Carroll (the author of *Alice's Adventures*). Portmanteau, as you know, is a travelling bag which can be folded at the middle. When the sense and sound of two words are packed into one, it is a portmanteau word.

Jyotiranjan Biswal of Dhenkanal writes to know the meaning of *fiddle-faddle*. As a verb, *fiddle-faddle* means to gossip or indulge in useless talk. "They whiled away the whole afternoon *fiddle-faddling*." As a noun, it means nonsense. A *fiddle-faddler* is a fellow whose message cannot be taken seriously.





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Their mischievous eyes. Their wild 'n' crazy games.

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PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



A.L. Syed



S.B. Takalkar

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for September'89 goes to:—

S.R. Murthy,
10, Rang Prabha,
Chheda Nagar, Chembur,
Bombay-400 089.

The Winning Entry:—"Showing The Way—Enjoying The Day!"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

There are as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

—English Proverb

Your own property is concerned when your neighbour's house is on fire.

—Horace

Fear always springs from ignorance.

—Emerson



LET'S SEE HOW CLEVER YOU ARE...

We tried this riddle on Shakuni Mama. But he only smiled mysteriously and walked away.

Let's try it on you.

Take a good look at the space below.

Now say, can you write the entire Mahabharat within this space?

Of course, you are allowed your own Camlin

pencil, and all the tricks in the world.

And please don't take 12 years to meditate.

camlin
FLORA
pencils

For the intelligent child.



Answer: All you need to write is the entire word: MAHABHARAT. Now say, is there a space problem?

IN YOUR NOVEMBER ISSUE OF

JUNIOR

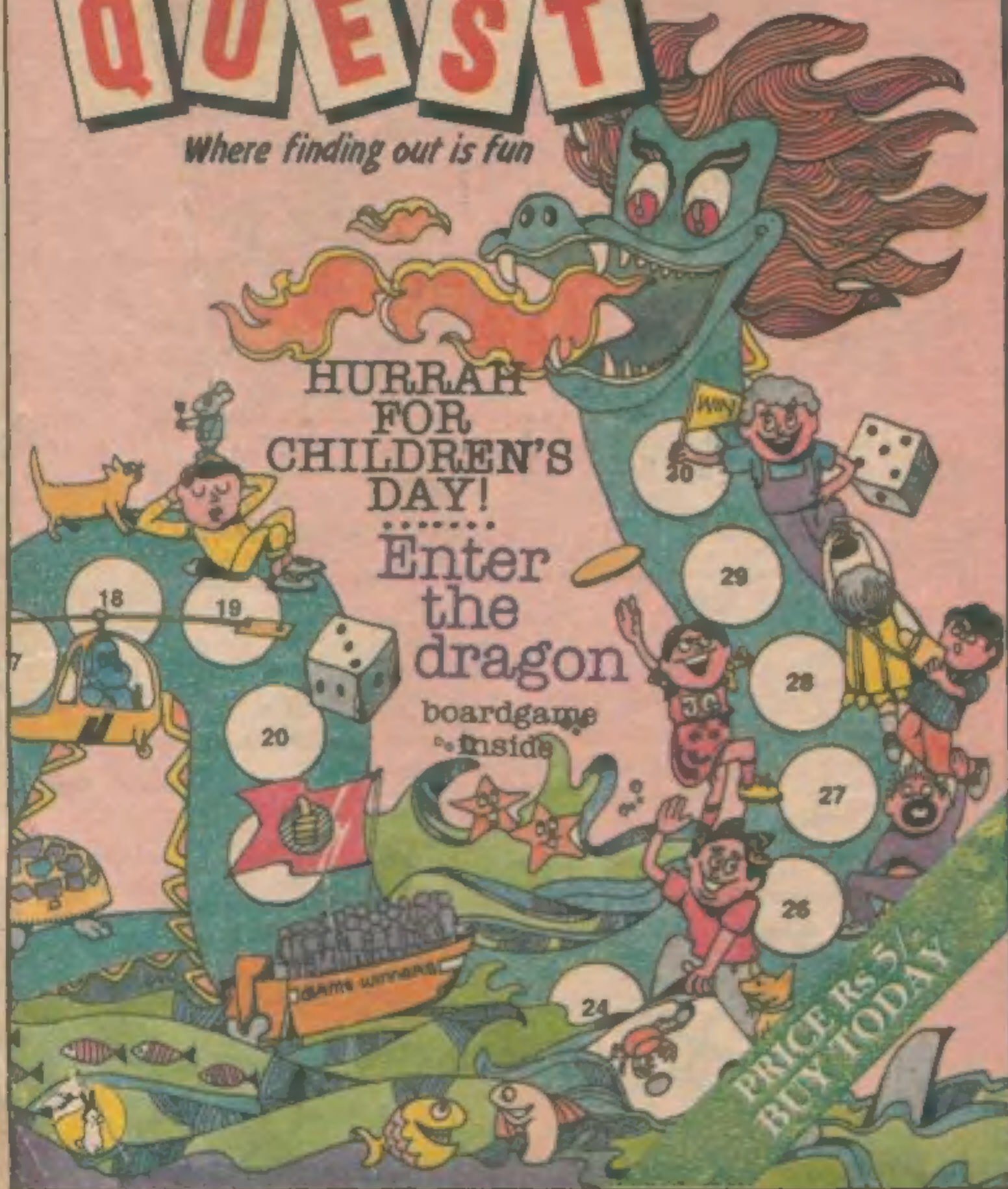
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| <p>Hey! Look at my new mango sweet!</p>  | <p>Hey! Look at my new mango sweet!</p>  |
| <p>It's got real mango inside, birdy!</p>  | <p>It's got real mango inside, birdy!</p>  |
| <p>Sssssshut up now and taste my mango sweet!</p>  | <p>Sssssshut up now and taste my mango sweet!</p>  |
| <p>'Ya know what I'm gonna call it...</p>  | <p>Aam-Ras</p>  |
| <p>What did ya say?</p>  | <p>Aaaaam - Rrrras. But remember ... golden words are not repeated!</p>  <p>Hi - hi - hi!</p> |



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a parakeet.

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